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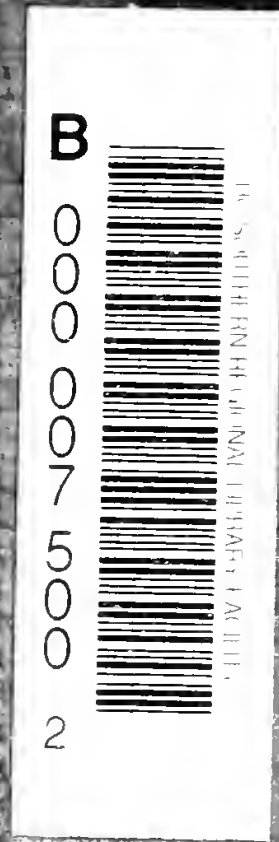

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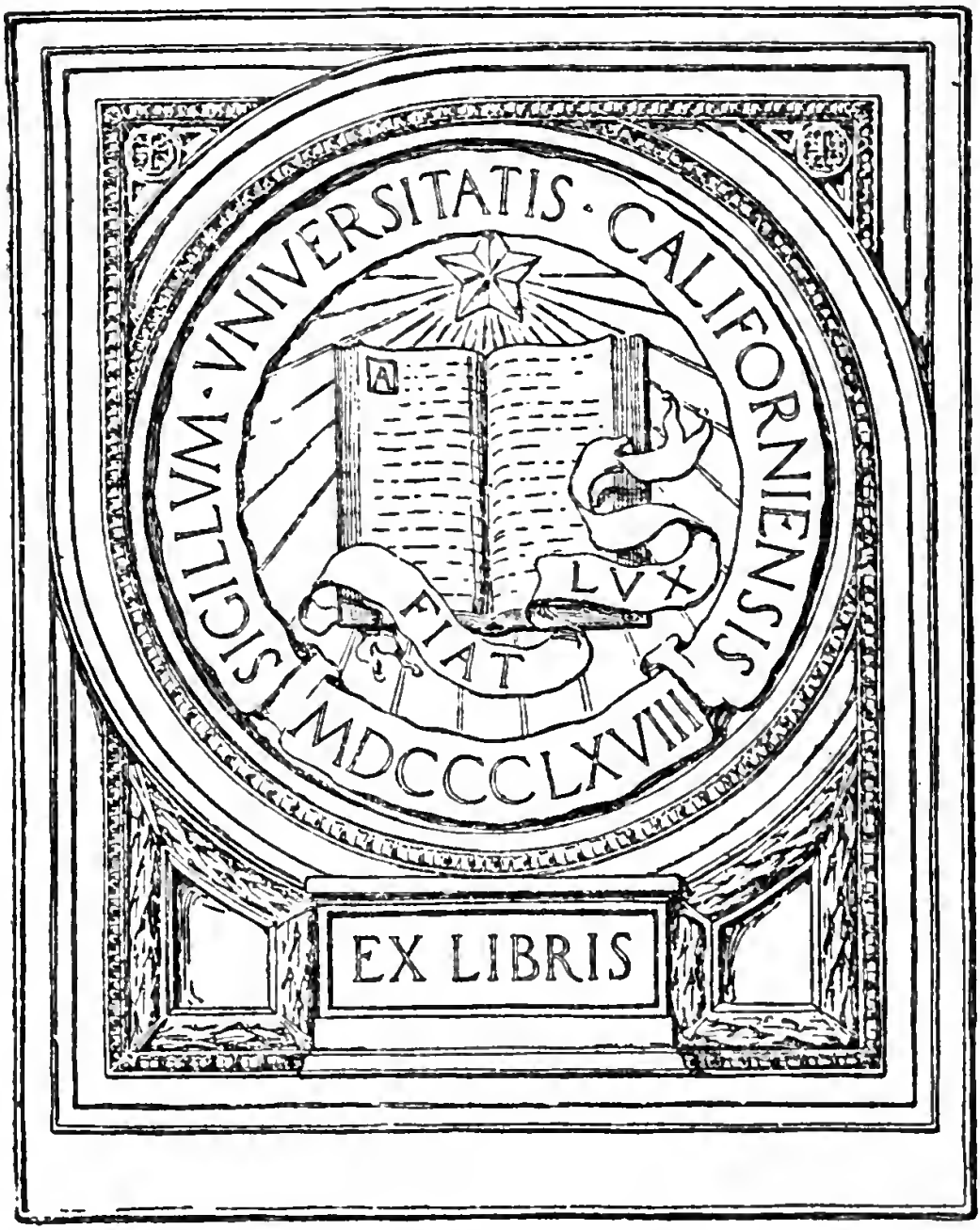

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ELEGANT EPISTLES

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT

WRITERS;

BOOK THE SECOND

MODERN OF EARLY DATE.

PART I.

Drawn by J. Thurston *Engraved by J. Romney*

Queen Elizabeth haringuing her Army

Page 53

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE

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ELEGANT EPISTLES:

BEING A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING

LETTERS,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

EPISTOLARY WRITERS.

VOLUME II.

BOOK III. IV.

MODERN OF EARLY DATE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY, AND HECTOR Mc'LEAN, 16, SALISBURY STREET, STRAND

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ELEGANT EPISTLES.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Modern of early Date.

PART I.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM DE LA POLE, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO HIS SON.

April, 1450.

My dear and only well beloved Son,

I BESEECH our Lord in Heaven, the maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love him, and to dread him, to the which, as far as a father may charge a child, I both charge you, and pray you to set all your spirits and wits to do, and to know his holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall, with his great mercy, pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that, also weetingly, ye do

nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease him. And whenever any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech his mercy soon to call you to him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart, never more in will to offend him.

Secondly, next him, above all earthly things, to be true liegemen in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our greatest, high, and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound; charging you, as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know any thing that were against the welfare or prosperity of his royal person, but that as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway, as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship, your lady and mother; and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not shall be best and truest to you. And if any body would steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it nought and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power; and to draw to you, and to your company, good

and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived nor repent you of.

Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask advise and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living; and that your blood may by his grace from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to his service, in such wise, as, after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify him eternally amongst his angels in heaven. Written of mine hand, the day of my departing from this land *. Your true and loving father.

LETTER II.

QUEEN ANNE BULLEN TO KING HENRY VIII.

SIR,

YOUR grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant.—Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess

* From which he was banished by Henry the Sixth.

a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient and professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I know, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me so worthy of such honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and

judges; yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame); then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsover God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your ears, then let

me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May. Your most loyal and ever faithful wife.

LETTER III.

FROM LADY MORE TO MR. SECRETARY CROMWELL.

RIGHT honourable and my especial good master Secretary: in my most humble wise I recommend me unto your good mastership, acknowledging myself to be most deeply bound to your good mastership for your manifold goodness and loving favour, both before this time and yet daily, now also shewn towards my poor husband and me. I pray Almighty God continue your goodness so still, for thereupon hangeth the greatest part of my poor husband's comfort and mine. The cause of my writing at this time, is to certify your especial good mastership of my great and extreme necessity; which, on and besides the charge of mine own house, do pay weekly fifteen shillings for the board-wages of my poor husband and his servant; for the maintaining whereof I have been compelled, of very necessity, to sell part of my apparel, for lack of other substance to make money of. Wherefore my most humble petition and suit to your mastership at this time is, to desire your mastership's favourable advice and counsel, whether I may be so bold to attend upon the

king's most gracious highness. I trust there is no doubt in the cause of my impediment; for the young man, being a ploughman, had been diseased with the ague by the space of three years before that he departed. And besides this, it is now five weeks since he departed, and no other person diseased in the house since that time; wherefore I most humbly beseech your especial good mastership (as my only trust is, and else know not what to do, but utterly in this world to be undone) for the love of God to consider the premises, and, thereupon, of your most abundant goodness, to shew your most favourable help to the comforting of my poor husband and me, in this our great heaviness, extreme age, and necessity. And thus we and all ours shall daily, during our lives, pray to God for the prosperous success of your right honourable dignity. By your poor continual oratrix.

LETTER IV.

LADY STAFFORD TO MR. SECRETARY CROMWELL.

MASTER secretary, after my poor recommendations, which are little to be regarded of me that am a poor banished creature, this shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and to me. I am sure it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have both of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by the reason of our marriage without their knowledge, wherein we both do yield ourselves faulty, and do acknow-

ledge that we did not well to be so hasty or so bold without their knowledge. But one thing, good master secretary, consider, that he was young, and love overcame reason; and for my part I saw so much honesty in him that I loved him as well as he did me, and was in bondage, and glad I was to be at liberty: so that for my part I saw that all the world did set so little by me, and he so much, that I thought I could take no better way but to take him and to forsake all other ways, and live a poor honest life with him; and so I do put no doubts but we should, if we might once be so happy to recover the king's gracious favour and the queen's. For well I might have had a greater man of birth, and a higher; but I assure you I could never have had one that should have loved me so well, nor a more honest man. And besides that, he is both come of an ancient stock, and again as meet (if it was his grace's pleasure) to do the king service as any young gentleman in his court. Therefore, good master secretary, this shall be my suit to you, that for the love that well I know you do bear to all my blood, though for my part I have not deserved it but little, by the reason of my vile conditions, as to put my husband to the king's grace, that he may do his duty as all other gentlemen do. And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness, which ever was wont to take pity, to have pity on us; and that it would please his grace of his goodness, to speak to the queen's grace for us; for as far as I can perceive, her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that without the king be so good lord to us as to withdraw his

rigour and sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favour, which is too heavy to bear. And seeing there is no remedy, for God's sake help us, for we have been now a quarter of a year married, I thank God, and too late now to call that again: wherefore there is the more need to help. But if I were at my liberty and might chuse, I assure you, master secretary, for my little time, I have tried so much honesty to be in him, that I would rather beg my bread with him than to be the greatest queen christened; and I believe verily he is in the same case with me, for I believe verily he would not forsake me to be a king; therefore, good master secretary, being we are so well together, and do intend to live so honest a life, though it be but poor, shew part of your goodness to us, as well as you do to all the world besides; for I promise you ye have the name to help all them that have need; and amongst all your suitors, I dare be bold to say that you have no matter more to be pitied than ours; and therefore for God's sake be good to us, for in you is all our trust; and I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord my father, and my lady, to be good to us, and to let me have their blessings, and my husband their good will, and I will never desire more of them. Also I pray you desire my lord of Norfolk, and my lord my brother, to be good to us; I dare not write to them, they are so cruel against us; but if with any pain that I could take with my life I might win their good wills, I promise you there is no child living would venture more than I; and so I pray you to report by me, and you shall find my writing true; and in all

points which I may please them in, I shall be ready to obey them nearest my husband, whom I am most bound to, to whom I most heartily beseech you to be good unto, which for my sake is a poor banished man, for an honest and a godly cause; and being that I have read in old books that some for as just causes have by kings and queens been pardoned by the suit of good folks, I trust it shall be our chance, through your good help, to come to the same, as knoweth the God who sendeth you health and heart's ease. Scribbled with her ill hand, who is your poor humble suitor always to command.

LETTER V.

EARL OF ESSEX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted in passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since your service past deserves no more than banishment or prescription in the cursedest of all other countries? Nay, nay, it is your rebels' pride and success that must give me leave to ransom my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you. Your majesty's exiled servant.

LETTER VI.

LORD CHANCELLOR EGERTON TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

It is often seen, that he that stands by seeth more than he that playeth the game; and, for the most part, every one in his own cause standeth in his own light, and seeth not so clearly as he should. Your lordship hath dealt in other men's causes, and in great and weighty affairs, with great wisdom and judgment; now your own is in hand, you are not to contemn or refuse the advice of any that love you, how simple soever. In this order I rank myself among others that love you, none more simple, and none that love you with more true and honest affection; which shall plead my excuse if you shall either mistake or mistrust my words or meaning. But, in your lordship's honourable wisdom, I neither doubt nor suspect the one nor the other. I will not presume to advise you, but shoot my bolt and tell you what I think. The beginning and long continuance of this so unseasonable discontentment you have seen and proved, by which you aim at the end; if you hold still this course, which hitherto you find to be worse and worse (and the longer you go, the further you go out of the way), there is little hope or likelihood the end will be better: you are not yet gone so far, but that you may well return; the return is safe, but the progress is dangerous and desperate in this course you hold. If you have any enemies, you do that for them which they could never do for themselves. Your friends you leave

to scorn and contempt: you forsake yourself and overthrow your fortunes, and ruin your honour and reputation: you give that comfort and courage to the foreign enemies, as greater they cannot have; for what can be more welcome and pleasing news, than to hear that her majesty and the realm are maimed of so worthy a member, who hath so often and so valiantly quelled and daunted them? You forsake your country when it hath most need of your counsel and aid: and lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty which you owe unto your most gracious sovereign, a duty imposed upon you not by nature and policy only, but by the religious and sacred bond wherein the divine majesty of Almighty God hath by the rule of Christianity obliged you.

For the four first, your constant resolution may perhaps move you to esteem them as light; but being well weighed, they are not light, nor lightly to be regarded. And for the four last, it may be that the clearness of your own conscience may seem to content yourself; but that is not enough; for these duties stand not only in contemplation or inward meditation, and cannot be performed but by external actions, and where that faileth the substance also faileth. This being your present state and condition, what is to be done? What is the remedy, my good lord? I lack judgment and wisdom to advise you, but I will never want an honest true heart to wish you well; nor, being warranted by a good conscience, will fear to speak that I think. I have begun plainly, be not offended if I proceed so. *Bene credit qui cedit tempori:* and Seneca saith, *Cedendum est fortunæ.* The medicine and remedy is not to contend and

strive, but humbly to yield and submit. Have you given cause, and ye take a scandal unto you? then all you can do is too little to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given unto you? Yet policy, duty, and religion enforce you to sue, yield, and submit to our sovereign, between whom and you there can be no equal proportion of duty, where God requires it as a principal duty and care to himself, and when it is evident that great good may ensue of it to your friends, yourself, your country, and your sovereign, and extreme harm by the contrary. There can be no dishonour to yield; but in denying, dishonour and impiety. The difficulty, my good lord, is to conquer yourself, which is the height of true valour and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable actions have tended. Do it in this, and God will be pleased, her majesty (no doubt)-well satisfied, your country will take good, and your friends comfort by it; and yourself (I mention you last, for that of all these you esteem yourself least) shall receive honour; and your enemies (if you have any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet hope.

I have delivered what I think simply and plainly: I leave you to determine according to your own wisdom: if I have erred, it is *error amoris*, and not *amor erroris*. Construe and accept it, I beseech you, as I meant it; not as an advice, but as an opinion to be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I might conveniently have conferred with yourself in person, I would not have troubled you with so many idle blots. Whatsoever you judge of this my opinion, yet be

assured my desire is to further all good means that may tend to your lordship's good. And so wishing you all happiness and honour, I cease. Your lordship's most ready and faithful, though unable poor friend.

LETTER VII.

THE EARL'S ANSWER.

My very good lord, though there is not that man this day living whom I would sooner make judge of any question that might concern me than yourself; yet you must give me leave to tell you, that in some cases I must appeal from all earthly judges; and if in any, then surely in this, when the highest judge on earth hath imposed upon me the heaviest punishment, without trial or hearing. Since then I must either answer your lordship's arguments, or else forsake mine own just defence, I will force mine aking head to do me service for an hour. I must first deny my discontentment (which was forced to be an humorous discontent); and in that it was unseasonable, or is so long continuing, your lordship should rather condole with me than expostulate: natural seasons are expected here below, but violent and unreasonable storms come from above; there is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince, nor yet at any time so unseasonable as when it lighteth on those that might expect an harvest of their careful and painful labours. He that is once wounded must needs feel smart till his hurt be cured, or

the part hurt become senseless. But cure I expect none, her majesty's heart being obdurate; and be without sense I cannot, being of flesh and blood. But you may say, I aim at the end; I do more than aim, for I see an end of all my fortunes, I have set an end to all my desires. In this course do I any thing for mine enemies? When I was present I found them absolute, and therefore I had rather they should triumph alone, than have me attendant upon their chariots. Or do I leave my friends? When I was a courtier I could sell them no fruit of my love, and now that I am an hermit, they shall bear no envy for their love to me. Or do I forsake mysetf, because I do not enjoy myself? Or do I overthrow my fortunes, because I build not a fortune of paper walls, which every puff of wind bloweth down? Or do I ruinate mine honour, because I leave following the pursuit, or wearing the false mark or the shadow of honour? Do I give courage or comfort to the enemies, because I neglect myself to encounter them, or because I keep my heart from business, though I cannot keep my fortune from declining? No, no, I give every one of those considerations his due right, and the more I weigh them, the more I find myself justified from offending in any of them. As for the two last objections, that I forsake my country when it hath most need of me, and fail in that indissoluble duty which I owe to my sovereign; I answer, that if my country had at this time any need of my public service, her majesty that governeth it would not have driven me to a private life. I am tied to my country by two bonds; one public, to discharge carefully and

industriously that trust which is committed to me; the other private, to sacrifice for it my life and carcase, which hath been nourished in it. Of the first I am free, being dismissed by her majesty: of the other, nothing can free me but death, and therefore no occasion of performance shall sooner offer itself, but I will meet it half way. The indissoluble duty I owe unto her majesty, the service of an earl and of marshal of England, and I have been content to do her the service of a clerk, but I can never serve her as a villain or a slave. But you say I must give way to time. So I do; for now that I see the storm come, I have put myself into harbour. Seneca saith, We must give way to fortune: I know that fortune is both blind and strong, and therefore I go as far as I can out of the way. You say the remedy is not to strive: I neither strive nor seek for remedy. But you say, I must yield and submit: I can neither yield myself to be guilty, nor this my imprisonment, lately laid upon me, to be just; I owe so much to the author of truth, as I can never yield truth to be falsehood, nor falsehood to be truth. Have I given cause, you ask, and yet take a scandal? No, I gave no cause to take up so much as Fimbria his complaint: for I did *totum telum corpore accipere;* I patiently bear and sensibly feel all that I then received when this scandal was given me. Nay, when the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce me to sue? Doth God require it? Is it impiety not to do it? Why? Cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, my lord, I can

never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes, shew to have no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, that do not believe an absolute infiniteness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, I feel it; my cause is good, I know it; and whatsover comes, all the powers on earth can never shew more strength or constancy in oppressing, than I can shew in suffering whatsoever can or shall be imposed upon me. Your lordship in the beginning of your letter makes me a player, and yourself a looker on; and me a player of my own game, so you may see more than I; but give me leave to tell you, that since you do but see, and I do suffer, I must of necessity feel more than you. I must crave your lordship's patience to give him that hath a crabbed fortune, leave to use a crooked style. But whatsoever my style is, there is no heart more humble, nor more affected towards your lordship, than that of your lordship's poor friend.

LETTER VIII.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON PHILIP SIDNEY,

At School at Shrewsbury, An. 1566, 9 *Eliz. then being of the Age of Twelve Years.*

I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most

stead in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find you wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet

sometimes do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry: but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry: detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is

naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame: for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

LETTER IX.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, TO SIR H. SIDNEY.

MY LORD,

I TRUST your lordship will pardon me, in that I have not (as indeed possibly I could not) attend to make a meeting, for the end of this variance betwixt your lordship and me: and now being this day also so wrapt in business that I cannot by any means be a suretyer, I thought to write

these few to your lordship, and therein to ascertain you, that, because our meeting with the master of the rolls, and Mr. Hensias meeting, will be so uncertain; that, therefore, what time soever you shall like to appoint I will come to the rolls, and there your lordship and I, as good neighbours and friends, will, if we can, compound the cause of ourselves. If we cannot, we will both pray the master of the rolls, as indifferent, as I know he is, to persuade him to the right, that stands in the wrong. And thus, I doubt not, but there shall be a good end to both our contentions: your lordship not seeking that which is not yours; nor I in any sort, meaning to detain from you your own. This 23d May, 1574. All yours to command.

LETTER X.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

May it please your most excellent Majesty,

To understand, that of late it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy the Bishop of Ossory, and so the room of that see is become void, and to be now by your highness conferred. I have therefore thought it my duty, moved in zeal for the reformation of the country and good of the people, humbly to beseech your majesty, that good care were had, that that church might be supplied with a fit man, and such a person as is acquainted with the language and manners of this country people, might be promoted to succeed in the place; of which number I humbly recommend unto you

excellent majesty Mr. Davy Cleere, one that hath been long bred and brought up in the university of Oxford, a master of arts of good continuance, a man esteemed not meanly learned, besides well given in religion, and of a modest discreet government and commendable conversation, being a man specially noted unto me, by the good report of the lord archbishop of Dublin, for his sufficiency to the place, with a very earnest desire that (the same being the place of a suffragan under him) the said Cleere might be preferred unto it. The bishopric is but a mean living, yet a sufficient living for an honest man. And because the sooner the place shall be full of an able man (such a one for his integrity as this man is esteemed), the greater fruit will thereby grow to the church, honour to your majesty, and no small hope to be conceived of good to the people; whereof, as it becometh me (having the principal charge of this realm under your majesty), I have a special care. I write not only to your majesty in this case, by a report of others, but partly by knowledge and experience I have had of the man myself. And therefore am the more desirous that your majesty should graciously allow of my commendation and choice, and give order for his admission and consecration, when it shall be your majesty's pleasure to signify the same. And even so, with my most earnest and humble hearty prayer to the Almighty, long and happily to preserve your highness to reign over us, your majesty's humble and obedient subjects, to our inestimable comforts, I humbly take my leave. From your majesty's castle of Athlone, the 4th of September, 1576. Your majesty's most humble, faithful, and obedient servant.

LETTER XI.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON, ROBERT SIDNEY, *Afterwards Earl of Liecester.*

ROBIN,

YOUR several letters of the 17th of September and 9th of November I have received; but that sent by Carolus Clusius I have not yet heard of. Your letters are most heartily welcome to me; but the universal testimony that is made of you, of the virtuous course you hold in this your juvenile age, and how much you profit in the same, and what excellent parts God hath already planted in you, doth so rejoice me, that the sight of no earthly thing is more, or can be more, to my comfort, than hearing in this sort from, and of you. Our Lord bless you, my sweet boy. *Perge perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself, and to the loving direction of your most loving brother.

I like very well of your being at Prague, and of your intention to go to Vienna. I wish you should curiously look upon the fortification of that; and considering the state of Christendom, I cannot tell how to design your travel into Italy. I would not have you to go specially, for that there is perpetual war between the pope and us. I think the princes and potentates of that region are confederated with him; and for some other respects, I would not have you go thither. Yet from Spain we are as it were under an inhibition; France in endless troubles; the Low Country in irrecoverable misery. So I leave it to your brother and

yourself, whether Vienna being seen, you will return into England, or spend the next summer in those parts; which if you do, I think best (you being satisfied with Vienna) you see the principal cities of Moravia and Silesia, and so to Cracow; and if you can have any commodity, to see the court of the king of that realm: and from thence through Saxony, to Holst, and Pomerland, seeing the princes' courts by the way; and then into Denmark and Sweden, and see those kings' courts. Acquaint you somewhat with the estate of the free States; and so at Hamburgh to embark, and to winter with me. But what do I blunder at these things? follow the direction of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions; he is a rare ornament of this age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth I speak it without flattery of him, or of myself, he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man. I saw him not these six months, little to my comfort. You may hear from him with more ease than from me. In your travels these documents I will give you, not as mine but his practices. Seek the knowledge of the estate of every prince, court, and city, that you pass through. Address yourself to the company, to learn this of the elder sort, and yet neglect not the younger. By the one you shall gather learning, wisdom, and knowledge, by the other acquaintance, languages, and exercise. This he effectually observed with great gain of understanding. Once again I say imitate him.

I hear you are fallen into concert and fellowship with Sir Harry Nevell's son and heir, and one Mr. Savell. I hear of singular virtues of them both. I am glad of your familiarity with them.

The 21st of this present I received your letter of the 12th of the same, and with it a letter from Mr. Languet, who seemeth as yet to mislike nothing in you; for which I like you a great deal the better; and I hope I shall hear further of your commendation from him, which will be to my comfort. I find by Harry White that all your money is gone, which with some wonder displeaseth me; and if you cannot frame your charges according to that proportion I have appointed you, I must and will send for you home. I have sent order to Mr. Languet for one hundred pounds for you, which is twenty pounds more than I promised you; and this I look and order that it shall serve you to the last of March, 1580. Assure yourself I will not enlarge one groat, therefore look well to your charges.

I hope by that time you shall receive this letter you will be at or near Strasburgh, from which resolve not to depart till the middle of April come twelvemonth: nor then I will not that you do, unless you so apply your study, as by that time you do conceive feelingly rhetoric and logic, and have the tongues of Latin, French, and Dutch; which I know you may have, if you will apply your will and wit to it. I am sure you cannot but find what lack in learning you have by your often departing from Oxford; and the like, and greater loss shall you find, if you resolve not to remain continually for the time appointed in Strasburgh. Write to

me monthly, and of your charges particularly; and either in Latin or French. I take in good part that you have kept promise with me; and on my blessing I charge you to write truly to me from time to time, whether you keep it or no; and if you break it in some dark manner, how.

Pray daily; speak nothing but truly. Do no dishonest thing for any respect. Love Mr. Languet with reverence, unto whom in most hearty manner commend me; and to Doctor Lubetius, and Mr. Doctor Sturmius. Farewel. If you will follow my counsel you shall be my sweet boy. From Baynard's Castle in London, this 25th of March, 1578. Your loving father.

LETTER XII.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY TO EDWARD MOLINEUX, ESQ.

Secretary to his Father as Lord Deputy.

MR. MOLINEUX,

Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the mean time farewel. From Court, this last day of May, 1578.

LETTER XIII.

EDWARD MOLINEUX, ESQ. TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, IN ANSWER.

SIR,

I HAVE received a letter from you, which, as it is the first, so the same is the sharpest that I ever received from any: and therefore it amazeth me the more to receive such a one from you, since I have (the world can be judge) deserved better somewhere, howsoever it pleaseth you to condemn me now. But since it is (I protest to God) without cause, or yet just ground of suspicion you use me thus, I bear the injury more patiently for a time; and mine innocency, I hope, in the end shall try mine honesty; and then I trust you will confess you have done me wrong. And since your pleasure so is expressed, that I shall not henceforth read any of your letters; although I must confess I have heretofore taken both great delight and profit in reading some of them: yet upon so hard a condition (as you seem to offer) I will not hereafter adventure so great a peril, but obey you herein. Howbeit, if it had pleased you, you might have commanded me in a far greater matter, with a far less penalty. From the castle of Dublin, the 1st of July, 1578. Yours, when it shall please you better to conceive of me, humbly to command.

LETTER XIV.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

PHILIP,

By the letters you sent me by Sackford, you have discovered unto me your intention to go over into the Low Countries, to accompany duke Cassimier, who hath with so noble offers and by so honourable means invited you: which disposition of your virtuous mind, as I must needs much commend in you, so when I enter into the consideration of mine own estate, and call to mind what practices, informations, and malicious accusations, are devised against me; and what an assistance in the defence of those causes your presence would be unto me, reposing myself so much both upon your help and judgment, I strive betwixt honour and necessity, what allowance I may best give of that motion for your going: howbeit, if you think not my matters of that weight and difficulty (as I hope they be not), but that they may be well enough by myself, without your assistance or any other, be brought to an honourable end, I will not be against your determination. Yet would wish you, before your departure, that you come to me to the water-side* about the latter end of this month, to take your leave of me, and so from thence to depart towards your intended journey. You must now

* His house was at Bainard's Castle, by the water side, near St. Paul's.

bear with me, that I write not this unto you with mine own hand, which I would have done, if the indisposition of my body had not been such as I could not. God prosper you in that you shall go about, and send you to win much credit and honour. And I send you my daily blessing. Your very loving father.

The 1st of August, 1578.

LETTER XV.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON ROBERT SIDNEY, *Afterwards Earl of Leicester.*

ROBIN,

I HEAR well of you, and the company you keep, which is of great comfort to me. To be of noble parentage usually raises an emulation to follow their great examples. There can be no greater love than of long time hath been, and yet is, between sir Harry Nevell and me; and so will continue till our live's end. Love you thus we have done, and do. One thing I warn you of; arrogate no precedency neither of your countrymen nor of strangers; but take your place promiscuous, with others, according to your degree and birthright, with aliens. Follow your discreet and virtuous brother's rule, who with great discretion to his great commendation, won love, and could variously ply ceremony with ceremony. I hear you have the Dutch tongue sufficiently, whereof I am glad. You may therefore save money and discharge your Dutchman; and do it indeed, and

send for Mr. White; he is an honest young man, and is fairly honest, and good and sound to me and my friends. I send you now by Stephen 30l. which you call arrearages: term it as you will, it is all I owe you till Easter; and 20l. of that, as Griffin Madox telleth me, is Harry White's. I will send you, at or before Frankfort mart, 60l. either to bring you home, or to find you abroad, as you and your brother shall agree, for half a year ending at Michaelmas; so Harry White neither hath nor shall have cause to think that I am offended with him; for I cannot look for, nor almost wish to hear better of a man, than I hear of him; and how I intend to deal with him, you may see by the letter I send him. He shall have his 20l. yearly, and you your 100l. and so be as merry as you may. I thank you, my dear boy, for the martern skins you write of. It is more than ever your elder brother sent me; and I will thank you more if they come, for yet I hear not of them, nor ever saw Cassymyre's picture. The messenger (of the picture I mean) played the knave with you and me; and after that sort you may write to him: but if your tokens come I will send you such a suit of apparel as shall beseem your father's son to wear in any court in Germany. Commend me to the doctor Simcon's father. I love the boy well. I have no more; but God bless you, my sweet child, in this world and for ever; as I in this world find myself happy by my children. From Ludlow Castle, this 28th of October, 1578. Your very loving father.

LETTER XIV.

SIR PHIL. SIDNEY TO HIS BROTHER ROB. SIDNEY,

Who was the first Earl of Leicester of that name.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

FOR the money you have received, assure yourself (for it is true) there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me, as that which is for you. If ever I have ability you will find it; if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you of me. I cannot write now to N. White, do you excuse me. For his nephew, they are but passions in my father, which we must bear with reverence; but I am sorry he should return till he had the circuit of his travel, for you shall never have such a servant as he would prove; use your own discretion therein. For your countenance I would for no cause have it diminished in Germany; in Italy your greatest expense must be upon worthy men, and not upon householding. Look to your diet (sweet Robin), and hold up your heart in courage and virtue; truly great part of my comfort is in you. I know not myself what I meant by bravery in you, so greatly you may see I condemn you; be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares. I have written to Mr. Savell, I wish you kept still together, he is an excellent man; and there may if you list pass good exercises betwixt you and Mr. Nevell, there is great expectation of you both. For the method of writing history, Boden hath written at large; you may read him, and gather out of many words some matter. This I think in

haste, a story is either to be considered as a story or as a treatise, which, besides that, addeth many things for profit and ornament; as a story, it is nothing but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, causes, and appendencies thereof: in that kind your method must be to have *seriem temporum* very exactly, which the chronologies of Melancthon, Tarchagnora, Languet, and such other, will help you to. Then to consider * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Xenophon to follow Thucidides, so doth Thucidides follow Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus follow Xenophon: so generally do the Roman stories follow the Greek, and the particular stories of present monarchies follow the Roman. In that kind you have principally to note the examples of virtue or vice, with their good or evil successes; the establishments or ruins of great estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then writ of; the enterings and endings of war, and therein the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier; and thus much as a very historiographer. Besides this, the historian makes himself a discourser for profit, and an orator, yea, a poet sometimes for ornament. An orator, in making excellent orations, *e re nata*, which are to be marked, but marked with the note of rhetorical remembrances: a poet, in painting forth the effects, the motions, the whisperings of the people, which though in disputation one might say were true, yet who will mark them well, shall find them taste of a poetical vein, and in that kind are gallantly to be marked, for though perchance they were not so, yet it is enough they might be so.

The last point which tends to teach profit, is of a discourser, which name I give to whosoever speaks, *non simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus et circumstantiis facti;* and that is it which makes me, and many others, rather note much with our pen than with our mind, because we leave all these discourses to the confused trust of our memory, because they being not tied to the tenor of a question, as philosophers use sometimes places; the divine, in telling his opinion and reasons in religion; sometimes the lawyer, in shewing the causes and benefits of law; sometimes a natural philosopher, in setting down the causes of any strange thing, which the story binds him to speak of; but most commonly a moral philosopher, either in the ethic part, when he sets forth virtues or vices, and the natures of passions, or in the politic, when he doth (as often he doth) meddle sententiously with matters of estate. Again, sometimes he gives precepts of war, both offensive and defensive; and so, lastly, not professing any art, as his matter leads him he deals with all arts, which because it carrieth the life of a lively example, it is wonderful what light it gives to the arts themselves, so as the great civilians help themselves with the discourses of the historians; so do soldiers, and even philosophers and astronomers: but that I wish herein, in this, that when you read any such thing, you straight bring it to his head, not only of what art, but, by your logical subdivisions, to the next member and parcel of the art. And so as in a table, be it witty words, of which Tacitus is full; sentences of which Livy, or similitudes whereof Plutarch; straight to lay it up in the right place of

his storehouse, as either military, or more specially defensive military, or more particularly defensive by fortification, and so lay it up. So likewise in politic matters, and such a little table you may easily make, wherewith I would have you ever join the historical part, which is only the example of some stratagem, or good counsel, or such like. This write I to you in great haste, of method without method, but with more leisure and study (if I do not find some book that satisfies) I will venture to write more largely of it unto you. Mr. Savell will with ease help you to set down such a table of remembrance to yourself, and for your sake I perceive he will do much, and if ever I be able I will deserve it of him; one only thing, as it comes unto my mind, let me remember you of, that you consider wherein the historian excelleth, and that to note, as Dion Nicœus, in the searching the secrets of government; Tacitus, in the pithy opening the venom of wickedness, and so of the rest. My time, exceedingly short, will suffer me to write no more leisurely; Stephen can tell you, who stands with me while I am writing. Now (dear brother) take delight likewise in the mathematicals, Mr. Savell is excellent in them. I think you understand the sphere; if you do, I care little for any more astronomy in you. Arithmetic and geometry, I would wish you well seen in, so as both in matter of number and measure you might have a feeling and active judgment; I would you did bear the mechanical instruments, wherein the Dutch excel. I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delight in the world, but wish to you as much, if not more,

than to myself. So you can speak and write Latin, not barbarously, I never require great study in Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford, *qui dum verba sectantur, res ipsas negligunt.* My toyful books I will send, with God's help, by February, at which time you shall have your money: and for 200*l.* a year, assure yourself, if the estates of England remain, you shall not fail of it, use it to your best profit. My lord of Leicester sends you 40*l.* as I understand by Stephen, and promiseth he will continue that stipend yearly at the least, then that is above commons; in any case write largely and diligently unto him, for in truth I have good proof, that he means to be every way good unto you; the odd 30*l.* shall come with the 100*l.* or else my father and I will jarle. Now, sweet brother, take a delight to keep and increase your music, you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times. At horsemanship, when you exercise it, read *Crison Claudia*, and a book that is called *La Gloria de l' Cavallo*, withal, that you may join the thorough contemplation of it with the exercise; and so shall you profit more in a month than others in a year, and mark the biting, saddling, and curing of horses. I would, by the way, your worship would learn a better hand, you write worse than I, and I write evil enough. Once again, have a care of your diet, and consequently of your complexion; remember *gratior est veniens in pulchro corpore virtus.* Now, sir, for news, I refer myself to this bearer, he can tell you how idle we look on our neighbours' fires, and nothing is happened notable at home, save only Drake's return, of which yet I know not the secret points; but about the world

he hath been, and rich he is returned. Portugal we say is lost; and to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious business. God bless you, sweet boy, and accomplish the joyful hope I conceived of you. Once again, commend me to Mr. Nevell, Mr. Savell, and honest Harry White, and bid him be merry. When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily, for indeed ticks and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs, and use the blow as well as the thrust; it is good in itself, and besides exerciseth your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First in any case practise the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise; the rest study, or confer diligently, and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit. Lord how I have babbled! Once again farewel, dearest brother. Your most loving and careful brother.

At Leicester House, this 18th of October, 1580.

LETTER XVII.

THOMAS LORD BUCKHURST TO ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER,

On the Death of Sir Philip Sidney.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,

WITH great grief do I write these lines unto you, being thereby forced to renew to your remembrance the decease of that noble gentleman your

nephew, by whose death not only your lordship, and all other his friends and kinsfolks, but even her majesty, and the whole realm besides, do suffer no small loss and detriment. Nevertheless, it may not bring the least comfort unto you, that as he hath both lived and died in fame of honour and reputation to his name, in the worthy service of his prince and country, and with as great love in his life, and with as many tears for his death, as ever any had; so hath he also by his good and godly end so greatly testified the assurance of God's infinite mercy towards him, as there is no doubt but that he now liveth with immortality, free from the cares and calamities of mortal misery; and in place thereof, remaineth filled with all heavenly joys and felicities, such as cannot be expressed: so as I doubt not, but that your lordship in wisdom, after you have yielded some while to the imperfection of man's nature, will yet in time remember how happy in truth he is, and how miserable and blind we are, that lament his blessed change. Her majesty seemeth resolute to call home your lordship, and intendeth presently to think of some fit personage that may take your place and charge. And in my opinion, her majesty had never more cause to wish you here than now; I pray God send it speedily. I shall not need to enlarge my letter with any other matters, for that this messenger, your lordship's wholly devoted, can sufficiently inform you of all. And so wishing all comfort and contentation unto your lordship, I rest your lordship's wholly for ever, to use and command as your own. From the Court, this 3d of November, 1586. Your lordship's most assured to command.

LETTER XVIII.

SIR HENRY HOBART, KNIGHT AND BARONET, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE*,

To Robert Earl of Leicester.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,

I HAVE received your lordship's letter, wherein I find all that could be expected; for I find an entire loving father in your sorrow: I find a true Christian in your patience: and I find a noble disposition, in that it pleaseth you to acknowledge the love which was repaid to that Christian soul in a full measure, not only by her husband, but by us, and all that belong unto us; whereof I would your lordship were an eye witness, to see the many unfeigned mourners, of my wife, children, kinsmen, allies, and friends, which though they do increase and daily revive the grief, yet I must confess it is a kind of contentment, when we see others join in that affection that we like and hold dear. But for my son, I must say true, his sorrow keeps no bounds, and when it will end I know not, and yet I cannot find in my heart to blame it. There are two things, that may much allay our sorrows; we have cause to joy that she died in the favour of God and men; for she lived most virtuous, and was in her devotions with zeal to her last breath: and

* This sir Henry Hobart was great-grandson of sir James Hobart, attorney-general, and of the privy council to King Henry the Seventh, who is celebrated by Camden, and other historians, for his piety, charity, and public benefactions. His eldest surviving son, John, married Philipa, daughter of the earl of Leicester, on the occasion of whose death the present letter was written.

she lived as long as was possible; for it appears, by that last act of her opening (which was guided by Dr. Harvey) that she had been preserved hitherto by art and care, and now all would not serve, and so she was overcome. For the two motherless children, there lies a charge upon me (for I will not quit myself from my part) to see to them, which I will not neglect. And for your lordship, I pray you let me find no change of affection on your part, and your lordship shall be assured that I will ever continue your lordship's poor friend to do you service.

LETTER XIX.

THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER,

To her husband, Robert Earl of Leicester.

MY DEAREST HEART,

YOUR letters come now so rarely to me, as I suffer more in your absence than I did; for when I received almost every week those dear testimonies of your well being, and your kindness to me, it did ease much those discomforts that your absence doth bring. This is the first letter that I send by London; for the last week my brother's being here forced me to omit writing. He came on Monday, and left us again on Thursday, in which time we were so continually together, as I could not make my dispatch. I perceive no alteration in him, neither do I find him much engaged in friendship with any of the great ones. Cottington, I perceive, is in declination with him, and so will he be with many more, except his power be greater than most

believe it is. Of my brother I inquired, what he had heard concerning you; he told me, nothing to your prejudice; but that it was said, Seignior Condée had persuaded you to be more inclinable to France than is well thought on here; and that you were more earnest to engage the king in a war than the wise here do think fit. But I hope your proceedings are unblamable, and that your master, who understands them best, will find them such as shall give him perfect satisfaction. I long extremely to hear what you think will be the conclusion of your labour; for the world among us affirm confidently that the king will not be engaged in any war, and that the elector shall return into Holland with a pension of 12,000*l.* a year; but perhaps many things are unknown to those that I converse with, and therefore credit my intelligence no farther than you find there is cause. My sister is yet here, and so she intends to be till the latter end of Christmas; but I cannot brag much of her kindness to me, for it is very little, and certainly stays here for other considerations than my company. My brother was very earnest in persuading me to come to London, which I have promised to do in the latter end of February, though I know not how to accommodate myself handsomely for that place; but my special want is a gentleman usher, which I am unwilling to take. If Daniel behave himself well with you, which I beseech you to let me know; for if he be not worth keeping, I would inquire after another, and so free myself from him; but if he be good, I will suffer much rather than take a new one, and I will do any thing rather than wish him from you, if he does you service. It

would joy me much to receive some hope of that Lord's addresses to Doll, which once you writ of to me; for, next to what concerns you, I confess she is considered by me above any thing of this world; but you shall have the first place, or rather the whole possession of her heart, who is most faithfully your own.

Penshurst, 19*th Dec.* 1636.

Give Algernon a blessing, and offer my service to Mr. Croft. Your companion Watt (Montague) is expected here every day.

LETTER XX.

THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER TO THE EARL HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAREST HEART,

For my exceptions to your silence, I humbly ask your pardon; for since I have received three letters from you, the one by Mr. Auger, who I have not yet seen, but he writ to me with much civility; and, I hear, that he speaks of you with all the honour, estimation, and affection, that can be, which shall make him as welcome to me as either of my brothers. Two letters more I have had since his arrival, but that which was first written came last to my hands, for my Lord of Holland sent it to me yesterday: and the other, which was dated the 27th January, was received by me the 4th of February. They all brought such contentment to me as nothing but your own person can give me a joy beyond it; and though you reproach me for chiding, yet I hope the considera-

tion of the cause shall free me from any further punishment than that gentle rebuke which you have already given me. By the two letters here inclosed, you will find a change from what I have heretofore declared to you; and besides the good success which is now expected of your negotiation, I find there is a general applaud of your proceedings, which is no small delight to me, and, I hope, will be a great encouragement to you: for though I conceive your labours to be very great, yet I trust the conclusion will be very good, and then all the pains will be remembered with pleasure and advantage to you. I hope you apprehend more an alteration in the Archbishop of Canterbury than there is cause, for I could never hear of any thing he said to your prejudice, though I have been inquisitive enough; but that he favours Scudmore there is no question; and if it be nothing but what has happened between you, I believe it will easily pass away. No ill offices can be done by Cottington, for they are at such a distance as they seldom speak one to the other: and, besides, I could never find that the suspected party expressed any thing of malice to you, but when he multiplied the money that had been paid to Leicester, which might be a mistake. I am glad you find the deputy of Ireland kind to Leicester, for certainly he may do great courtesies, and so has he behaved himself lately, as he is extreme great with Canterbury, Cottington, Coke, and Windeback. I have no more cause to fear ill offices from —— than formerly; for it is no new conceit that —— is not affectionate to me or mine; but if the party deceive me, I shall be

glad, and for any thing I know, we are on the same terms you left me. I hope the 300*l.* you commanded shall be returned to you at the time appointed; and when more is received, it shall be disposed of according to your directions.

The present also for the queen of France I will be very careful to provide; but it cannot be handsome for that proportion of money which you do mention; for those bone laces, if they be good, are dear, and I will send of the best, for the honour of the nation and my own credit. You persuade my going to London, and there I shall play the ill housewife, which I perceive you are content to suffer, rather than I should remain in this solitariness; and yet my intention is not to remove till the beginning of the next month, except Mr. Auger's going away carry me up sooner. All the children I will leave here, according to your advice, and if you can spare Daniel, I desire that you will send him to me for the time of my being at London. Mr. Seladine comes in with your letter, whom I am engaged to entertain a little; besides, it is supper time, or else I should bestow one side of this paper in making love to you; and since I may with modesty express it, I will say, that if it be love to think on you sleeping and waking, to discourse of nothing with pleasure but what concerns you, to wish myself every hour with you, and to pray for you with as much devotion as for my own soul; then certainly it may be said that I am in love; and this is all that you shall at this time hear from your, &c.

Penshurst, 7th Feb 1636.

Kiss my boy Algernon for me, who sent me a very pretty French letter.

THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER TO THE EARL HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAREST HEART,

THE apprehension of your going to Hamburgh brought me much trouble, till I was told that it would be absolutely left to your choice; and offered to you rather as a compliment than pressed on you as a necessity. Wherefore, in that particular I am now reasonably well satisfied; yet will I not desist from the performance of all that may defend you from that journey: for I am more adverse to it than you can be; though I am confident that if the king have any such intention, it is with a belief that it will please you, and not discontent you; for I think he is very well disposed to you. I am sorry you cannot keep yourself from being troubled with your companion's folly, who I think is very little considered here, for I seldom hear him named; and when he is, it is with contempt. All my present for the queen of France is provided, which I have done with great care and some trouble; the expense I cannot yet directly tell you; but I think it will be about 120*l*., for the bone laces are extremely dear. I intend to send it by Monsieur Ruvigny, for most of the things are of new fashion; and if I should keep them, they would be less acceptable; for what is new now, will quickly grow common, such things being sent over almost every week. Now concerning Doll, of whom I can neither say what I desire, nor what I thought I should

have done: for I find my lord Lovelace so uncertain and so idle, so much addicted to mean company, and so easily drawn to debauchery, as it is now my study how to break off with him in such a manner as it may be said that we refused him; for since Sunday last, we have not seen him, though he is every day very near us. Many particulars I could tell you of his wildness; but the knowledge of them would be of no use to you, since he is likely to be a stranger to us; for though his estate is good, his person pretty enough, and his wit much more than ordinary, yet dare I not venture to give Doll to him. And concerning my lord of Devonshire, I can say as little to please you; for though his mother and sister made fair shows of good intentions to us, yet in the end we find them, just as I expected, full of deceit and juggling. The sister is gone from this town; but the young lord is still here, who never visited us but once, and yet all the town spoke of a marriage: which I think came upon my lord of Holland's divulging his confidence that it would be so; and he conceives that he had much reason to believe what he did. My dear heart, let not these cross accidents trouble you, for we do not know what God has provided for her; and, howsoever, let us submit to his will, and confess that his benefits are far beyond our deserts, and his punishments much less than we have reason to expect. The last Sunday, being at the court to wait on the queen, the earl of Holland came formally in, and whispered with her majesty, who presently called me; and, with a cheerful countenance, said, that all was concluded in France,

and that you had sent one to give that advertisement. Which news I received with much joy, and went home with an expectation of hearing it confirmed by a letter of yours; but, upon inquiry, I found that Holland had made this report upon a letter which came to secretary Cooke, wherein there was no such thing as he had told the queen. He makes such foolish discourses to the king of all that you write to him, as I think you had better say nothing to him of those discontents which I believe sometimes come to you by false informations. And though you have cause of dislike, I do not think it advantageous for you to be ever taking exceptions; and Holland is so glad to get any thing to talk on to the king, as he multiplies the least information that he receives; so as in my opinion you had not best write any thing to him which you would not have him discourse of. And, at this present, I can say no more; but that I am more yours than can be imagined, am more impatient to see you than can be expressed; which I hope will persuade you to bestow thoughts of kindness on your, &c.

Leicester House, 18*th May*, 1637.

LETTER XXII.

THE LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY (AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND),

To her father, Robert Earl of Leicester.

MY LORD,

HAD not my intention been diverted by the trouble of a distemper, which a great cold produced,

and since that by the expectation of Rochell's coming hither, I would not have been thus slow in presenting your lordship with my most humble thanks for the many fine things that you have bestowed on me. And though they will be my greatest ornaments, which is of much consideration by persons no wiser than I am; they could not give me any contentment, but as I understand they are expressions of your lordship's favour; a blessing that, above all others in this world, I do with most passion desire: and my ambition is, that whatsoever your lordship doth propound to be in the perfectest good child upon the earth, you may find accomplished in me, that will ever be your lordship's most affectionate, most humble, and exactly obedient.

Penshurst, Dec. 29, 1638.

LETTER XXIII.

ROBERT EARL OF LEICESTER TO HIS DAUGHTER DOROTHY, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND,

On the death of the Earl her husband, who lost his life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the battle of Newberry, 20th Sept. 1643.

MY DEAR DOLL,

I KNOW it is to no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my intention; for such a loss as yours cannot be received indifferently, by a nature so tender and so sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so

dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now oppresseth you; yet if you consult with that affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness, far beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer no diminution; and wherein, though he knew your sufferings, he could not be grieved at your afflictions. And your reason will assure you, that beside the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for any thing that troubled you; imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he looks upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself, who was so dear unto him. But he sees you not; he knows not what you do; well, what then? Will you do any thing that would displease him if he knew it, because he is where he doth not know it? I am sure that was never in your thoughts; for the rules of your actions were, and must be, virtue and affection to

your husband, not the consideration of his ignorance or knowledge of what you do; that is but an accident; neither do I think that his presence was at any time more than a circumstance, not at all necessary to your abstaining from those things which might displease him. Assure yourself, that all the sighs and tears that your heart and eyes can sacrifice unto your grief, are not such testimonies of your affection, as the taking care of those whom he loved, that is, of yourself and of those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he hath left with you; and which, though you would abandon yourself, may justly challenge of you the performance of their father's trust, reposed in you, to be careful of them. For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they all have need of you, and one, especially, whose life, as yet, doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means to procure it for you. That now is past, and I will not flatter you so much as to say, I think you can ever be so happy in this life again: but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. I shall be more pleased with that than with the other, by as much as I esteem virtue and wisdom in you, more than any inconstant benefits that fortune could bestow upon you: it is likely that, as many others do, you will use examples to authorise the present passion which possesseth you; and you may say, that our Saviour himself

did weep for the death of one he loved; that is true; but we must not adventure too far after his example in that, no more than a child should run into a river, because he saw a man wade through; for neither his sorrow, nor any other passion could make him sin; but it is not so with us: he was pleased to take our infirmities, but he hath not imparted to us his power to limit or restrain them; for if we let our passions loose, they will grow headstrong, and deprive us of the power which we must reserve to ourselves, that we may recover the government which our reason and our religion ought to have above them. I doubt not but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to him, that he will be pleased to give his grace to you, to your mother, and to myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to his pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature; and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you; it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

Oxford, 10*th October*, 1643.

LETTER XXIV.

ALGERNON SIDNEY TO HIS FATHER, ROBERT EARL OF LEICESTER.

MY LORD,

THE passage of letters from England hither is so uncertain, that I did not, until within these very few days, hear the sad news of my mother's death. I was then with the king of Sweden at Nycopin in Falster. This is the first opportunity I have had of sending to condole with your lordship, a loss that is so great to yourself and your family: of which my sense was not so much diminished, in being prepared by her long, languishing, and certainly incurable sickness, as increased by the last words and actions of her life. I confess persons in such tempers are most fit to die, but they are also most wanted here; and we that for a while are left in the world, are most apt, and perhaps with reason, to regret most the loss of those we most want. It may be, light and human passions are most suitably employed upon human and worldly things, wherein we have some sensible concernment; thoughts, absolutely abstracted from ourselves, are more suitable unto that steadiness of mind that is much spoken of, little sought, and never found, than that which is seen amongst men. It were a small compliment for me to offer your lordship to leave the employment in which I am, if I may in any thing be able to ease your lordship's solitude. If I could propose that to my-

self, I would cheerfully leave a condition of much more pleasure and advantage than I can with reason hope for

LETTER XXV.

DR. SHARP TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

With Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury Fort.

I REMEMBER, in eighty-eight, waiting upon the earl of Leicester at Tilbury Camp, and in eighty-nine, going into Portugal with my noble master, the earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your grace.

The queen lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old lord treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by sir Francis Drake, which examination the earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:

Don Pedro being asked what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the lords, What, but to subdue your nation, and root it out!

Good, said the lords; and what meant you then to do with the Catholics? He answered, We meant to send them (good men) directly unto Heaven, as all you that are heretics to hell. Yea, but said the lords, what meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire (whereof they had great store in their ships)? What? said he, we

meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonours to our Catholic King and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old, should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L. for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witness, I received of those great lords upon examination taken by the council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

The queen, the next morning, rode through all the squadrons of her army, as armed Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, Essex, and Norris then Lord Marshal, and divers other great lords. When she made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day after her departure, I was commanded to re-deliver to all the army together, to keep a public fast. Her words were these:

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God

and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any prince in Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than my dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

This I thought would delight your grace, and no man hath it but myself, and such as I have given it to; and therefore I made bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.

LETTER XXVI.

LORD BACON TO JAMES I.

It may please your most excellent Majesty,

I DO many times with gladness, and for a remedy of my other labours, revolve in my mind the

great happiness which God, of his singular goodness, hath accumulated upon your majesty every way; and how complete the same would be, if the state of your means were once rectified and well ordered; your people military and obedient, fit for war, used to peace; your church enlightened with good preachers, as an heaven with stars; your judges learned, and learning from you; just, and just by your example; your nobility in a right distance between crown and people, no oppressors of the people, no overshadowers of the crown; your council full of tributes of care, faith, and freedom; your gentlemen and justices of peace willing to apply your royal mandates to the nature of their several counties, but ready to obey; your servants in awe of your wisdom, in hope of your goodness; the fields growing every day, by the improvement and recovery of grounds, from the desart to the garden; the city grown from wood to brick; your sea-walls, or *pomerium* of your island surveyed, and in edifying; your merchants embracing the whole compass of the world, east, west, north, and south; the times giving you peace, and yet offering you opportunities of action abroad; and, lastly, your excellent royal issue entailing these blessings and favours of God to descend to all posterity. It resteth, therefore, that God having done so great things for your majesty, and you for others, you would do so much for yourself as to go through (according to your good beginnings) with the rectifying and settling of your estate and means, which only is wanting. *Hoc rebus defuit unum.* I therefore, whom only love and duty to your majesty, and

your royal line, hath made a financier, do intend to present unto your majesty a perfect book of your estate, like a perspective glass, to draw your estate near to your sight; beseeching your majesty to conceive, that if I have not attained to that that I would do in this which is not proper for me, nor in my element, I shall make your majesty amends in some other thing in which I am better bred. God ever preserve, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO JAMES I.

It is one part of the office of a just and worthy prince to hear the complaints of his vassals, especially such as are in great misery. I know not, amongst many other presumptions gathered against me, how your majesty hath been persuaded that I was one of them who were greatly discontented, and therefore the more likely to prove disloyal. But the great God so relieve me in both worlds as I was the contrary; and I took as great comfort to behold your majesty, and always learned some good, and bettering my knowledge by hearing your majesty's discourse. I do most humbly beseech your sovereign majesty not to believe any of those in my particular, who, under pretence of offences to kings, do easily work their particular revenge. I trust no man, under the colour of making examples, should persuade your majesty to leave the word *merciful* out of your style; for it will be no less profit to your majesty, and be

come your greatness than the word *invincible*. It is true that the laws of England are no less jealous of the kings than Cæsar was of Pompey's wife; for notwithstanding she was cleared for having company with Claudius, yet for being suspected, he condemned her. For myself, I protest before Almighty God (and I speak it to my master and sovereign), that I never invented treason against him; and yet I know I shall fall *in manibus eorum a quibus non possum evadere*, unless by your majesty's gracious compassion I be sustained. Our law therefore, most merciful prince, knowing her own cruelty, and knowing that she is wont to compound treason out of presumptions and circumstances, doth give this charitable advice to the king her supreme, *Non solum sapiens esse sed et misericors*, &c. *Cum tutius sit reddere rationem misericordiæ quam judicii.* I do, therefore, on the knees of my heart beseech your majesty, from your own sweet and comfortable disposition, to remember that I have served your majesty twenty years, for which your majesty hath yet given me no reward: and it is fitter I should be indebted unto my sovereign lord, than the king to his poor vassal. Save me therefore, most merciful prince, that I may owe your majesty my life itself, than which there cannot be a greater debt. Limit me at least, my sovereign lord, that I may pay it for your service when your majesty shall please. If the law destroy me, your majesty shall put me out of your power, and I shall have none to fear but the King of kings.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO SIR ROBERT CAR.

SIR,

After many losses and many years sorrows, of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in their ends, it is come to my knowledge, that yourself (whom I know not but by an honourable favour) hath been persuaded to give me and mine my last fatal blow, by obtaining from his majesty the inheritance of my children and nephews, lost in law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life. His majesty, whom I never offended (for I hold it unnatural and unmanlike to hate goodness), staid me at the grave's brink; not that I thought his majesty thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a king that knoweth the poor in truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established.

And for you, sir, seeing your fair day is but in the dawn, mine drawn to the setting; your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many fortunes and much honour; I beseech you begin not your first building upon the ruins of the innocent, and let not mine and their sorrows attend your first plantation. I have ever been bound to your nation, as well for many other graces, as for the true report of my trial to the king's majesty; against whom had I been malignant, the hearing

of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greatest number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions: neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects (especially of your nation) to bewail his overthrow that had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust that you will not be the first that shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless; which if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame. But that so worthy a gentleman as yourself will rather bind us to you (being six gentlemen not base in birth and alliance) which have interest therein; and myself, with my uttermost thankfulness, will remain ready to obey your commandments.

LETTER XXIX.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO PRINCE HENRY,

Son of James I.

May it please your Highness.

THE following lines are addressed to your highness from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, sir, the doctrines that are lately come

into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father, God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! Hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act

without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects, the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions; while this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended? The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of beauty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive. I am, sir, your highness's most faithful servant.

London, August 12, 1611.

LETTER XXX.

LORD BACON, TO JAMES I. AFTER HIS DISGRACE, TO THE KING.

It may please your most excellent Majesty.

In the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that since the time I had the first vote of the commons house of parliament for commissioner of the union, until the time that I was, by this last parliament, chosen by both houses for their messenger to your majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can any wise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same nature, which is, that in those offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special relation to your majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences

against the first and second table, and yet all against God: so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are also against the king. Unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your majesty, otherwise than as all faults are; so my fall was not your majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your majesty's own princely thoughts, a great deal of serenity and clearness towards me, your majesty's now prostrate and cast down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my former services, lay claim to your princely graces and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but my bounden duty; nay, I must also confess, that they were from time to time far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your majesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your majesty was and is that master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were indeed the painfullest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; neither was your majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts if I

may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge, and do herewith conclude, that for any thing arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services; save that the same, your majesty's goodness that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And, indeed, if it may please your majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful, as it need not be coupled with any thing else. I have been somebody by your majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your majesty's arm hath often been laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service, chidden by your majesty; but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches of affections and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things, which are now vanished? But only the better to express my downfal.

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half* old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be

* Therefore this was written near the middle of the year 1622.

totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty are either in question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as, to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your majesty so far as to say, *Si tu deferis, perimus.*

But as I can offer to your majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly opened: so looking up to your majesty's own self, I should think I committed Cain's fault, if I should despair. Your majesty is a king whose heart is as unscrutable for secret motions of goodness, as for depth of wisdom. You are creator-like, factive, not destructive: you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against any thing that favoured of an hard heart; as, on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your majesty near-hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot the name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for the giving him new ornaments and additions.

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God

(of whose mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have had great testimonies and pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall do for me*. And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your majesty's goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do farther presume, that both houses of parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not in my ruin: for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they knew they left me in good hands. And your majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies: not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of goodness), your majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall extremely feel in

* Vouchsafe to express towards me.

help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now, in my age, forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your majesty. Your majesty's poor ancient servant and bedsman.

LETTER XXXII.

LORD BALTIMORE TO LORD WENTWORTH,
Afterwards Earl of Strafford.

MY LORD,

WERE not my occasions such as necessarily keep me here at this time, I would not send letters, but fly to you myself with all the speed I could, to express my own grief, and to take part of yours, which I know is exceedingly great, for the loss of so noble a lady, so virtuous and so loving a wife. There are few, perhaps, can judge of it better than I, who have been a long time myself a man of sorrows. But all things, my lord, in this world pass away, *statutum est*, wife, children, honour, wealth, friends, and what else is dear to flesh and

blood ; they are but lent us till God please to call for them back again, that we may not esteem any thing our own, or set our hearts upon any thing but him alone, who only remains for ever. I beseech his almighty goodness to grant, that your lordship may, for his sake, bear this great cross with meekness and patience, whose only son our dear Lord and Saviour bore a greater for you ; and to consider that these humiliations, though they be very bitter, yet are they sovereign medicines ministered unto us by our heavenly Physician to cure the sicknesses of our souls, if the fault be not ours. Good my lord, bear with this excess of zeal in a friend whose great affection to you transports him to dwell longer upon this melancholy theme than is needful to your lordship, whose own wisdom, assisted with God's grace, I hope, suggests unto you these and better resolutions than I can offer unto your remembrance. All I have to say more is but this, that I humbly and heartily pray for you to dispose of yourself and your affairs (the rites being done to the noble creature) as to be able to remove, as soon as conveniently you may, from those parts, where so many things represent themselves unto you, as to make your wound bleed afresh ; and let us have you here, where the gracious welcome of your master, the conversation of your friends, and variety of businesses, may divert your thoughts the sooner from sad objects ; the continuance whereof will but endanger your health, on which depends the welfare of your children, the comfort of your friends, and many other good things, for which I hope God will reserve you, to whose divine favour

I humbly recommend you, and remain ever your lordship's most affectionate and faithful servant.

From my lodging in Lincoln-Inn-Fields,
October 11, 1631.

LETTER XXXIII.

LORD WENTWORTH TO SIR WILLIAM SAVILLE.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

It shall be much contentment unto me when the power or means I have may communicate any thing which may be of acceptation with you: and now that it hath pleased God to take from you your mother, I hold myself more bound to preserve a care for you, being sorry that my remoteness renders me of less use unto you now upon your entrance into the world, than perchance otherwise I might have been.

It is true, that it is not my custom to put myself into counsels uncalled, and having been a minister in the troublesome settlement of your estate, methought it might have stood well enough with civility and discretion to have let me been acquainted with the course of your new conveyances, when you and I were both at London last; being so made a stranger to that end, the effecting and accomplishing whereof I had so painfully endeavoured for so many years together. Surely neither I nor mine should have been a penny better by it; for I must tell you, for all the service I have done you and your house, I never had the worth of a groat forth of your purse, or the purse of your

mother, and, which is more, never will; for I trust, by God's blessing, to leave my child an estate able to maintain him as a gentleman, without being burthensome to any.

And indeed, if I did not conceive this neglect was rather the good-will of Cookson than any formal direction of your own, I should resolve to perform my own duty towards the nearness of that blood which runs in our veins, without ever desiring to intermeddle at all in your counsels for the government of yourself and fortune; but indeed your years shew me, you were all discretion to be merely passive in that action, and no doubt having my lord keeper's advice therein, all is well and orderly disposed and executed.

Admit me then, in consideration and remembrance of your noble father, and that I may say to my own heart I have not betrayed the trust he was pleased to repose in me, to deliver you my opinion, how you are futurely to dispose yourself and fortune; which, as it shall come from me with all the candour in the world, so doth it also with all the indifferency possible; desiring God Almighty that you may not follow one word of advice of mine, where there is a better for you to govern yourself after.

Being then upon that period of life, that as you set forth now at first, you will in all likelihood continue so to the end, be it you take the paths of virtue or the contrary, you cannot consider yourself and advise and debate your actions with your friends too much; and till such time as experience hath ripened your judgment, it shall be great wisdom and advantage to distrust yourself, and to

fortify your youth by the counsel of your more aged friends, before you undertake any thing of consequence. It was the course that I governed myself by after my father's death, with great advantage to myself and affairs; and yet my breeding abroad hath shewn me more of the world than yours hath done, and I had natural reason like other men, only I confess I did in all things distrust myself; wherein you shall do, as I said, extremely well if you do so too.

I conceive you should lay aside all thoughts of going to London these four or five years; live in your own house; order and understand your own estate; inform and employ yourself in the affairs of the country; carry yourself respectively and kindly towards your neighbours; desire the company of such as are well governed and discreet amongst them, and make them as much as you can your friends; in country business keeping yourself from all faction; and at the first be not too positive, or take too much upon you, till you fully understand the course of proceedings; for, have but a little patience, and the command and government of that part of the country will infallibly fall into your hands, with honour to yourself, and contentment to others; whereas if you catch at it too soon, it will be but a means to publish your want of understanding and modesty, and that you shall grow cheap and in contempt before them that shall see you undertake that, where you are not able to guide yourself in your own way.

Be sure to moderate your expense, so as it may be without foolish waste or mean savings; take your own accompts and betimes inure yourself to

examine how your estate prospers, where it suffers, or where it is to be improved; otherwise there will such an easiness and neglect gather upon you, as it may be you will never patiently endure the labour of it whilst you live: and so as much as in you lies, cast from you that which tends most to the preservation of your fortune of any other thing; for I am persuaded few men that understood their expense ever wasted; and few that do not ever well governed their estate.

Considering that your houses, in my judgment, are not suitable to your quality, nor yet your place and furniture, I conceive your expense ought to be reduced to two-thirds of your estate, the rest saved to the accommodating of you in that kind: those things provided, you may, if you see cause, enlarge yourself the more.

In these and all things else, you shall do passing well to consult Mr. Greenwood, who hath seen much, is very well able to judge, and certainly most faithful to you. If you use him not most respectfully, you deal extreme ungrateful with him, and ill for yourself. He was the man your father loved and trusted above all men, and did as faithfully discharge the trust reposed in him, as ever in my time I knew any man do for his dead friend; taking excessive pains in settling your estate with all possible cheerfulness, without charge to you at all: his advice will be always upright, and you may safely pour your secrets into him, which by that time you have conversed a little more abroad in the world, you will find to be the greatest and noblest treasure this world can make any man owner of; and I protest to God, were I in your

place, I would think him the greatest and best riches I did or could possess.

In any case, think not of putting yourself into court before you be thirty years of age at least; till your judgment be so awakened as that you may be able to discover and put aside such trains as will always infallibly be there laid for men of great fortunes by a company of flesh-flies, that ever buz up and down the palaces of princes: and this, let me tell you, I have seen many men of great estates come young thither and spend all, but did I never see a good estate prosper amongst them that put itself forward before the master had an experience and knowledge how to husband and keep it: I have observed that the errors of young gallants in that kind ever proved fatal and irremediless, be their wits or providence never so great in playing their after-games, one only excepted; and how it may yet prove with him, God knows.

For your servants, neither use them so familiarly as to lose your reverence at their hands, nor so disdainfully as to purchase yourself their ill-will; but carry it in an equal temper towards them, both in punishments and rewards. For Cookson, I hold him a churlish proud-natured companion, but withal honest, and I am persuaded will be a good servant; if you keep him from drink, much better. Howbeit, you shall do well to take his accompts orderly and weekly, taking to you Mr. Greenwood to help you till you have gained the skill yourself.

You are left as weak in friends as any gentleman ever I knew of your quality; but how much more careful ought you then to be to oblige men by

your respective courteous usage towards them, and provident circumspection towards yourself! You are, as I have observed, rash and hasty, apt to fall to censure others, and exercise your wit upon them: take heed of it, it is a quality of great offence to others, and danger towards a man's self: and that jeering, jesting demeanour is not to be used but where a man hath great interest in the person, and knows himself to be understood to love and respect him truly; with such a one, if the man be sad and wise to take and return it the right way, a man may be sometimes bold, but otherwise never.

Let no company or respect ever draw you to excess in drink; for be you well assured that if that ever possess you, you are instantly drunk to all honour and employment in the state; drunk to all the respects your friends will otherwise pay you, and shall by unequal staggering paces go to your grave with confusion of face, as well in them that love you as in yourself; and therefore abhor all company that might entice you that way.

Spend not too much time, nor venture too much money at gaming; it is a great vanity that possesseth some men, and in most is occasioned by a greedy mind of winning, which is a pursuit not becoming a generous noble heart, which will not brook such starving considerations as those.

In a word, guide yourself in all things in the paths of goodness and virtue, and so persevere therein, that you may thence take out those rules, which being learnt, may (when it comes to your turn) as well grace and enable you to lead and govern others, as (whilst you are learning of them) it

will become you to follow and obey others; and thus shall you possess your youth in modesty and your elder years in wisdom.

God Almighty prosper and bless you, in your person, in your lady, in your children, and in your estate, wherein no friend you have shall take more contentment than your most affectionate uncle and most faithful friend.

Dublin Castle, this 29th of Decewber, 1633.

LETTER XXXIV.

LORD WENTWORTH TO THE COUNTESS OF CLARE.

May it please your Ladyship,

My lord of Clare having writ unto me, your ladyship desired to have my daughter Anne with you for a time in England to recover her health, I have at last been able to yield so much from my own comfort, as to send both her and her sister to wait your grace's wise and tender instructions. They are both, I praise God, in good health, and bring with them hence from me no other advice, but entirely and cheerfully to obey and do all you shall be pleased to command them, so far forth as their years and understanding may administer unto them.

I was unwilling to part them, in regard those that must be a stay one to another, when by course of nature I am gone before them, I would not have them grow strangers whilst I am living; besides the younger gladly imitates the elder, in disposition so like her blessed mother, that it pleases me

very much to see her steps followed and observed by the other. Madam, I must confess, it was not without difficulty before I could persuade myself thus to be deprived of the looking upon them, who, with their brother, are the pledges of all the comfort, the greatest at least of my old age, if it shall please God I attain thereunto. But I have been brought up in afflictions of this kind, so as I still fear to have that taken first that is dearest unto me; and have in this been content willingly to overcome my own affections, in order to their good, acknowledging your ladyship capable of doing them more good in their breeding than I am; otherwise in truth I should never have parted with them, as I profess it a grief unto me not to be as well able as any to serve the memory of that noble lady in these little harmless infants.

Well, to God's blessing and your ladyship's goodness I commit them; wherever they are my prayers shall attend them, and have of sorrow in my heart till I see them again I must, which I trust will not be long neither. That they shall be acceptable to you, I know it right well, and I believe them so graciously minded to render themselves the more, the more you see of their attention to do as you shall be pleased to direct them, which will be of much contentment unto me: for whatever your ladyship's opinion may be of me, I desire, and have given it them in charge (so far as their tender years are capable of), to honour and observe your ladyship above all other women in the world, as well knowing that in so doing they shall fulfil that duty, whereby of all others they could have delighted their mother the most, and

do infinitely wish they may want nothing in their breeding my power or cost might procure them, or their condition in life hereafter may require: for, madam, if I die to-morrow, I will, by God's help, leave them ten thousand pounds a-piece; which, I trust, by God's blessing, shall bestow them to the comfort of themselves and friends, nor at all considerably prejudice their brother, whose estate shall never be much burthened by a second venter, I assure you.

I thought fit to send with them one that teacheth them to write: he is a quiet soft man, but honest, and not given to any disorder; him I have appointed to account for the money to be laid forth, wherein he hath no other direction but to pay and lay forth as your ladyship shall appoint, and still as he wants, to go to Woodhouse, where my cousin Rockley will supply him; and I must humbly beseech you to give order to their servants, and otherwise to the tailors at London, for their apparel, which I wholly submit to your ladyship's better judgment, and be it what it may be, I shall think it all happily bestowed, so as it be to your contentment and theirs; for cost I reckon not of, and any thing I have is theirs so long as I live, which is *only* worth thanks, for theirs and their brother's all I have must be whether I wit or no, and therefore I desire to let them have to acknowledge me for before.

Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily, which I wish (if with convenience it might be) were not lost, more to give her a comely grace in the carriage of her body, than that I wish they should much delight or practise it when they are women.

Arabella is a small practitioner in that way also, and they are both very apt to learn that or any thing they are taught.

Nan, I think, speaks French prettily, which yet I might have been better able to judge had her mother lived; the other also speaks, but her maid being of Guernsey, the accent is not good; but your ladyship is in this excellent, as that, as indeed all things else which may befit them, they may, and I hope will, learn better with your ladyship than they can with their poor father, ignorant in what belongs to women, and otherways, God knows, distracted; and so awanting unto them in all, saving in loving them, and therein, in truth, I shall never be less than the dearest parent in the world.

Their brother is just now sitting at my elbow, in good health, God be praised; and I am, in the best sort I may, accommodating this place for him, which, in the kind, I take to be the noblest one of them in the king's dominions, and where a grass-time may be passed with much pleasure of that kind; I will build him a good house, and by God's help, leave him, I think, near three thousand pounds a year, and wood on the ground, as much, I dare say, if near London, as would yield fifty thousand pound, besides a house within twelve miles of Dublin, the best in Ireland, and land to it, which I hope will be two thousand pounds a year; all which he shall have to the rest, had I twenty brothers of his to set besides me. This I write not to your ladyship in vanity, or to have it spoken of, but privately, to let your ladyship see, I do not forget the children of my dearest

wife, nor altogether bestow my time fruitlessly for them: it is true, I am in debt, but there will be besides sufficient to discharge all I owe by God's grace, whether I live or die. And next to these children there are not any other persons I wish more happiness than to the house of their father, and shall be always most ready to serve them, what opinion soever he had of me; for no other's usage can absolve me of what I owe, not only to the memory but to the last legacy that noble creature left with me when God took her to himself. I am afraid to turn over the leaf, lest your ladyship might think I could never come to a conclusion; and shall therefore add to all the rest this one truth more, that whenever I be happied through the occasion, there is not any more your ladyship's obedient and most humble son and servant.

Fairwood Park, the 10th of August, 1639.

LETTER XXXV.

CHARLES I. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

STRAFFORD,

THE misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times being such, that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy myself in honour or conscience, without assuring you (now in the midst of your troubles) that, upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and

therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant as you have shewed yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being your constant faithful friend.

Whitchall, April 23, 1641.

LETTER XXXVI.

EARL OF STRAFFORD TO HIS SON.

MY DEAREST WILL,

THESE are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways: to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself; therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister, for

indeed you owe it to her also, both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel; for till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively, for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's church, the proper teachers therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go

ways of their own finding out; for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The king, I trust, will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure you avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart, but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of his infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen. Your most loving father.

Tower, this 11*th of May*, 1641.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my lady Clare, your grandmother, with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me: God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same

do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of his visitation, and join us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen, Amen.

LETTER XXXVII.

EARL OF DERBY TO GENERAL IRETON,

In answer to the Summons sent the Earl to deliver up the Isle of Man.

SIR,

I HAVE received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of the manifest candour of my former actings in his late majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffer; I disdain your favour; I abhor your reason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power, and I hope, to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn your paper and hang up your messenger. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted prac-

tice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his majesty's most loyal obedient subject.

From Castle Town, this 12th July, 1649.

LETTER XXXVIII.

OLIVER CROMWELL TO HIS SON H. CROMWELL.

SON,

I HAVE seen your letter written unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe, and do find thereby that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you towards yourself and the public affairs. I do believe there may be some particular persons who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to shew their discontent as they have opportunity; but this should not make too great impressions on you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that which for the present seems to be hid from them: especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, whilst they are found in other ways towards you: which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavour all that lies in you, whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have long endeavoured it, and shall not be wanting to send you some further addition to the council as soon as men can be found out who are fit for that trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person

who may command the north of Ireland, which I believe stands in great need of one, and am of your opinion, that Trevor and Colonel Mervin are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion; and therefore I would have you move the council, that they be secured in some very safe place, and the farther out of their own countries the better. I commend you to the Lord, and rest your affectionate father.

21 *Nov.* 1655.

LETTER XXXIX.

THE HON. ALGERNON SIDNEY TO HIS FRIEND.

SIR,

I AM sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends: if theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my interest to theirs; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine; and I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood; but when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now likely to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed, all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and

lewdness set up in its height; instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted, the people enslaved, all things vendible, and no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions.—Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principle in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and defile that which is past by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life, but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the king glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man, and a few of his followers; let them rejoice in their subtility,

who, by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, not only preserved but advanced themselves in those dangerous changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the king's glory is their shame, his plenty the people's misery: and that the gaining of an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation, which if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world; and that others may find they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery: a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is accompanied with it: the honour of English parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the interest of it to satisfy the lusts of one man. Miserable nation! that, from so great a height of glory, is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it! cheated and sold by them they trusted! Infamous traffic, equal almost in guilt to that of Judas! In all preceding ages parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty, the sure defenders of the oppressed: they who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us; they themselves, led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices for themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes, worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means;

when the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be overpassed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigg cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they who imprison them would employ me, or suffer me to live when they are put to death? If I might live, and employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own peace by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the king shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased the imprisonment of those three men; and turning out of all the officers of the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions not to return.

To conclude: the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God, in his time, will have mercy on his people: he will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who

shall now perish, upon the heads of those who, in their pride, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice in so blessed a work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c. (So Sir Arthur Haslerigg on Oliver's death.) Farewel. My thoughts as to king and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you a most affectionate servant.

LETTER XL.

MR. BOYLE TO THE COUNTESS OF RANELAGH.

MY DEAR SISTER,

If I were of those scribblers' humour who love to put themselves to one trouble, to put their friends to another; and who weekly break their silence, only to acquaint us with their unwillingness to keep it; I must confess I had much oftener written you letters not worth the reading. But having ever looked upon silence and respect as things as near of kin as importunity and affection, I elected rather to trust to your good opinion, to your good-nature, than your patience with my letters: for which to suppose a welcome, must have presumed a greater kindness than they could have expressed. For I am grown so perfect a villager, and live so

removed, not only from the roads, but from the very by-paths of intelligence; that to entertain you with our country discourse would have extremely puzzled me, since your children have not the rickets nor the measles; and as for news, I could not have sent you so much as that of my being well. To beseech you not to forget me were but a bad compliment to your constancy; and to tell you I remember you, were a worse to my own judgment; and compliments of the other nature it were not easy for me to write from Stalbridge, and less easy to write to you: so that wanting all themes and strains, that might enable me to fill my letters with any thing that might pay the patience of reading them, I thought it pardonabler to say nothing by a respectuous silence, than by idle words. But the causes being just so many excuses of that silence, I should have more need to apologize for my letters, if these seemed not necessary to prevent the misconstruction of their unfrequency; and if I did not send up the antidote with them, in the company of my brother Frank; by whom it were equally incongruous and unseasonable to send you no epistle, and to send you a long one; which (latter) that this may not prove, I must hasten to assure you, that though I have not very lately written you any common letters, it is not long since I was writing you a dedicatory one, which may (possibly) have the happiness to convey your name to posterity; and having told you this, I shall next take post to beseech you to believe, that whensoever you shall please to vouchsafe me the honour of your commands, my glad and exact obedience shall convince you, that though many others may oftener renew their bonds, I can es-

teem myself, by a single note under my hand, equally engaged to you for all the services that may become the relation, and justify the professions, that style me, my dear sister, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant,

R. B.

Stalbridge, this 13th Nov. 1646.

LETTER XLI.

MR. BOYLE TO THE COUNTESS OF RANELAGH.

MY SISTER,

I MUST confess that I should be as much in debt for your letters, though I had answered every one of yours, as he is in his creditors', who for two angels has paid back but two shillings: for certainly, if any where, it is in the ductions of the mind that the quality ought to measure extent and assign number and equity to multiply excellency, where wit has contracted it. I could easily evince this truth, and the justness of the application too, did I not apprehend that your modesty would make you mind me, that the nature of my disease forbids all strains. I am here, God be praised, upon the mending hand, though not yet exempted from either pain or fears; the latter of which I could wish (but believe not) as much enemies to my reason, as I find the former to my quiet. I intend, notwithstanding, by God's blessing, as soon as I have here recruited and refreshed my purse and self, to accomplish my designed removal to London: my hoped arrival at which I look on with more joy, as a fruit of my recovery, than a

testimony of it. Sir William and his son went hence this morning, having by the favour (or rather charity) of a visit, made me some compensation for the many I have lately received from persons, whose visitations (I think I may call them), in spite of my averseness to physic, make me find a greater trouble in the congratulations than the instruments of my recovery. You will pardon, perhaps, the bitterness of this expression, when I have told you, that having spent most of this week in drawing (for my particular use) a quintessence of wormwood, those disturbers of my work might easily shake some few drops into my ink. I will not now presume to entertain you with those moral speculations with which my chemical practices have entertained me; but if this last sickness had not diverted me, I had before this presented you with a discourse (which my vanity made me hope would not have displeased you) of the theological use of natural philosophy, endeavouring to make the contemplation of the creatures contributory to the instruction of the prince, and to the glory of the author of them. But my blood has so thickened my ink, that I cannot yet make it run; and my thoughts of improving the creatures have been very much displaced by those of leaving them. Nor has my disease been more guilty of my oblivion than my employment, since it has begun to release me: for Vulcan has so transported and bewitched me, that as the delights I taste in it make me fancy my laboratory a kind of Elysium, so as if the threshold of it possessed the quality the poets ascribed to that Lethe, their fictions made men taste of before their entrance into those seats of bliss, I there forget my standish and my

books, and almost all things, but the unchangeable resolution I have made of continuing till death, sister, your R. B.

Stalb. Aug. the last, 1649.

LETTER XLII.

MR. BOYLE TO LORD BROGHILL.

My dearest Governor,

I RECEIVE in our separation as much of happiness as is consistent with it, in hearing of you in so glorious, and from you in so obliging a way; and in being assured, by your letters and your actions, how true you are to your friendship and your gallantry. I am not a little satisfied to find, that since you were reduced to leave your Parthenissa, your successes have so happily emulated or continued the story of Artabanes; and that you have now given romances as well credit as reputation. Nor am I moderately pleased, to see you as good at reducing towns in Munster as Assyria, and to find your eloquence as prevalent with masters of garrisons as mistresses of hearts; for I esteem the former both much the difficulter conquest, and more the usefuller. Another may lawfully exalt your bold attempts and fortunate enterprises; but for my part, I think that such a celebration would extremely misbecome a friendship, to which your goodness and my affection flatter me into a belief that our relation has rather given the occasion than degree. Besides that I have so great a concern in all things wherein you have any, that the presumption of my own modesty does, as well as

the greatness of yours, silence my praises. And truly, that which most endears your acquisitions to me is, that they have cost you so little blood. For besides that the glory is much more your own to reduce places by your own single virtue, and the interest it has acquired you, than if you had I know not how many thousand men to help you, and share as much the honour of your successes as they contribute to them; besides this consideration, I say, certainly though a laurel crown were more glorious amongst the Romans, the myrtle coronet (that crowned bloodless victories) ought to be acceptabler to a Christian, who is tied by the bindingest principles of his religion to a peculiar charity towards those that profess it; to use towards delinquents as much gentleness as infringes not the just rights of the innocent: and to be very tender of spilling their blood, for whom Christ shed his. But I am less delighted to learn your successes in the world, than to find (by your letter to my sister Ranelagh) that you mean not that they shall tie you to it: and are resolved, as soon as your affairs and reputation will permit you, to divest your public employment, and retire to a quiet privacy, where you may enjoy yourself, and have leisure to consider the vanity of that posthume glory, which has nothing in it of certain but the uselessness. That, in the hurry of businesses that distracts you, you could find leisure to bless me with your letters, is a favour, which, though it amaze me not, does highly satisfy me. The kindness they express is welcomer to me for what it argues than for what it promises; and I am much more pleased to see you in a condition of making promises than I should be with their accomplish-

ment. I shall only, in general, desire your countenance for those that manage my fortune in your province, whither I should wait upon my dearest lady M. if black Betty did not; and seriously, the jade arrived very seasonably to save me a journey; for which I was but slenderly provided; for having not yet been able to put off my L. Goring's statute, I am kept in this town, to do penance for my transgression of that precept, "My son, put money in thy purse." But the term assigned my expiation is, I hope, near expired; and I despair not to see myself shortly in a condition to make you a visit, that shall prevent the spring's. I shall implore, for my lady Pegg, the self-same passage I shall wish for myself, and solemnize the first easterly gale with a

"Farewel, fair saint, may not the seas and wind," &c.

But I am so entirely taken up with the contemplation of her and you, that I had forgot that I have to write this night more letters than the four-and-twenty of the alphabet. My next shall give you an account of my transactions, my studies, and my amours; of the latter of which black Betty will tell you as many lies as circumstances; but hope you know too well what she is, and whence she comes, not to take all her stories for fictions, almost as great as is the truth that styles me, my dearest brother, your most affectionate brother and humble servant, R. B.

London, this 20th of Dec. 1649.

LETTER XLIII.

FROM JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO HIS FATHER,

Upon his first going beyond Sea.

SIR, Broad Street, London, 1st March, 1618.

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself, and to that obligation of duty the law of God and his handmaid Nature hath imposed on me, if I should not acquaint you with the course and quality of my affairs and fortunes, especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common relation of a son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my breeding (though but one child of fifteen), by placing me in a choice methodical school (so far distant from your dwelling) under a learned (though lashing) master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford, to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the chin until I could swim without bladders. This patrimony of liberal education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable treasure; nor do I feel it any burthen or incumbrance unto me at all; and what danger soever my person, or other things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by shipwreck or pirates at sea, nor by robbers, or fire, or any other casualty on shore: and at my return to England, I hope at leastwise I

shall do my endeavour, that you may find this patrimony improved somewhat to your comfort.

In this my peregrination, if I happen, by some accident, to be disappointed of that allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my address to you, for I have no other rendezvous to flee unto; but it shall not be, unless in case of great indigence.

The latter end of this week I am to go a shipboard, and first for the Low Countries. I humbly pray your blessing may accompany me in these my travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be so many good gales to blow me safe to port; for I have been taught, that the parent's benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous. In this opinion I shall ever rest your dutiful son.

LETTER XLIV.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO DR. FRANCIS MANSELL,

Since Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.

SIR, London, 26th March, 1618.

Being to take leave of England, and to launch into the world abroad, to breathe foreign air awhile, I thought it very handsome, and an act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured mother, Oxford: otherwise both of you might have just grounds to exhibit a bill of complaint, or rather a protest against me, and cry me up; you for a forgetful friend;

she for an ungrateful son, if not some spurious issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together: you with the best of my most candid affections; her with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the milk she pleased to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap: yet that little I have sucked I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of life will help to connect it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study men as well as books. The small time I supervised the glass-house, I got among those Venetians some smatterings of the Italian tongue, which besides the little I have, you know, of school-language, is all the preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to Gravesend, and so embark for Holland. I have got a warrant from the lords of the council to travel for three years any where, Rome and St. Omer's excepted. I pray let me retain some room, though never so little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation; and let our souls meet sometimes by intercourse of letters; I promise you that yours shall receive the best entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your friendship at a very high rate. So with apprecation of as much happiness to you at home, as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever your friend to serve you.

LETTER XLV.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO DAN. CALDWELL, ESQ.

From Amsterdam.

MY DEAR DAN, Amsterdam, 10th April, 1619.

I HAVE made your friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my life, that happiness itself would be but a kind of infelicity without it: it is as needful to me as fire and water, as the very air I take in and breathe out: it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*: therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first league of love, you know, was contracted among the muses in Oxford; for no sooner was I matriculated to her, but I was adopted to you: I became her son, and your friend, at one time: you know I followed you then to London, where our love received confirmation in the Temple, and elsewhere. We are now far asunder, for no less than a sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the German ocean; distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it; it much enhances the value of it, and makes it more precious. Let this be verified in us; let that love which formerly used to be nourished by personal communication and the lips, be now fed by letters; let the pen supply the office of the tongue: letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of art like embraces to mingle souls, and make them meet, though mil-

lions of paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of spirits. Therefore among your civil speculations, I pray let your thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self), and wrap those thoughts in paper, and so send them me over; I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best affections.

Commend me to Tom Browyer, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no niggard in distributing my love plentifully among our friends at the inns of court; let Jack Toldervy have my kind commends, with this caveat, that the pot which goes often to the water, comes home cracked at last: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his thoroughfare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy and love his, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO MR. RICHARD ALTHAM,

At his Chamber in Gray's-Inn.

DEAR SIR, Hague, 30th May, 1619.

THOUGH you be now a good way out of my reach, yet you are not out of my remembrance; you are still within the horizon of my love. Now the horizon of love is large and spacious, it is as boundless as that of the imagination; and where the imagination rangeth, the memory is still busy to usher in and present the desired object it fixes

upon: it is love that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the highest sphere whence they receive their motion. Thus you appear to me often in these foreign travels; and that you may believe me the better, I send you these lines as my ambassadors (and ambassadors must not lie), to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like Plowden; I heard it often said, that there is no study requires patience and constancy more than the common law; for it is a good while before one comes to any known perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful practice. This (I think) made Jack Chaundler throw away his Littleton, like him that, when he could not catch the hare, said, "A pox upon her, she is but dry tough meat, let her go:" it is not so with you, for I know you are of that disposition, that when you mind a thing, nothing can frighten you in making constant pursuit after it till you have obtained it: for if the mathematics, with their crabbedness and intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded through the very midst of them, and arrived to so excellent a perfection; I believe it is not in the power of Plowden to dastardize or cow your spirits, until you have overcome him, at leastwise have so much of him as will serve your turn. I know you were always a quick and pressing disputant in logic and philosophy; which makes me think your genius is fit for law (as the baron, your excellent father, was), for a good logician makes always a good lawyer: and hereby one may give a strong conjecture of the aptness or inaptitude of one's capacity to that study and profession; and you

know, as well as I, that logicians, who went under the name of Sophisters, were the first lawyers that ever were.

I shall be upon uncertain removes hence, until I come to Rouen in France, and there I mean to cast anchor a good while; I shall expect your letters there with impatience. I pray present my service to sir James Altham, and to my good lady your mother, with the rest to whom it is due, in Bishopsgate Street and elsewhere: so I am yours in the best degree of friendship.

LETTER XLVII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO CAPT. FRANCIS BACON.

SIR, *Paris, 30th March*, 1620.

I RECEIVED two of yours in Rouen, with the bills of exchange there inclosed; and, according to your directions, I sent you those things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to Paris, this huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large populous kingdom, and rendezvous of all foreigners. The structures here are indifferently fair, though the streets generally foul of all four seasons of the year; which I impute first to the position of the city, being built upon an isle (the isle of France, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the river of Seine), and having some of her suburbs seated high, the filth runs down the channel, and settles in many places within the body of the city, which lies upon a flat; as also for a world of

coaches, carts, and horses of all sorts, that go to-and-fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those coaches, carts, and horses, that can move neither forward nor backward, by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming a cross-way: so that often-times it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a stop the great Henry was so fatally slain by Ravillac. Hence comes it to pass, that this town (for Paris is a town, a city, and an university) is always dirty, and it is such a dirt, that by perpetual motion is beaten into such black unctuous oil, that where it sticks no art can wash it off of some colours; insomuch, that it may be no improper comparison to say, that an ill name is like the crot (the dirt) of Paris, which is indelible; besides the stain this dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent, that may be smelt many miles off, if the wind be in one's face as he comes from the fresh air of the country: this may be one cause why the plague is always in some corner or other of this vast city, which may be called, as once Scythia was, *vagina populorum*, or (as mankind was called by a great philosopher) a great mole-hill of ants; yet I believe this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is) the passengers wheel about, and meet oftener than they use to do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she is indeed; so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas term more souls moving within her in all places. It is under one hundred

years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings; for her houses were mean, until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued vein of earth, and is digged out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first: but being pulleyed up with the open air, it receives a crusty kind of hardness, and so becomes perfect free-stone; and before it is sent up from the pit, they can reduce it to any form: of this stone, the Louvre, the king's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric, for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length, and will easily lodge three thousand men; which, some told me, was the end for which the last king made it so big; that, lying at the fag-end of this great mutinous city, if she perchance should rise, the king might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the Bastile, because it is furthest off from those places where the English resort; for I would go on to get a little language as soon as I could. In my next, I shall impart unto you what state-news France affords; in the interim, and always, I am your humble servant.

LETTER XLVIII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO MR. THOMAS PORTER,

After Captain Porter, from Barcelona.

MY DEAR TOM, Barcelona, 10th Nov. 1620.

I HAD no sooner set foot upon this soil, and breathed Spanish air, but my thoughts presently reflected

upon you; of all my friends in England, you were the first I met here; you were the prime object of my speculation; methought the very winds in gentle whispers did breathe out your name and blow it on me; you seemed to reverberate upon me with the beams of the sun, which you know hath such a powerful influence, and indeed too great a stroke in this country. And all this you must ascribe to the operations of love, which hath such a strong virtual force, that when it fasteneth upon a pleasing subject, it sets the imagination in a strange fit of working; it employs all the faculties of the soul, so that not one cell in the brain is idle; it busieth the whole inward man, it affects the heart, amuseth the understanding; it quickeneth the fancy, and leads the will as it were by a silken thread to co-operate them all: I have felt these motions often in me, especially at this time that my memory is fixed upon you. But the reason that I fell first upon you in Spain was, that I remember I had heard you often discoursing how you have received part of your education here, which brought you to speak the language so exactly well. I think often of the relations I have heard you make of this country, and the good instruction you pleased to give me.

I am now in Barcelona, but the next week I intend to go on through your town of Valentia to Alicant, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me farther, for I make account to winter there. The duke of Ossuna passed by here lately, and having got leave of grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape galleys, and passing

through the *churma* of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were: every one excused himself; one saying, that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly; amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black man, and the duke asking him what he was in for; "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragone, to keep me from starving." The duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the shoulders, saying, "You rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest innocent men? get you gone out of their company." So he was freed, and the rest remained still in *in statu quo prius*, to tug at the oar.

I pray commend me to signior Camillo, and Mazalao, with the rest of the Venetians with you; and when you go aboard the ship behind the Exchange, think upon yours.

LETTER XLIX.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO DR. FRANCIS MANSEL,

From Valentia.

SIR, Valentia, 1st March, 1621.

THOUGH it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England, which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere: though it be the sun that ripeneth your pippins, and our pomegranates: your hops, and our vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his heat in different degrees of strength; those

rays that do but warm you in England, do half roast us here; those beams that irradiate only and gild your honeysuckle fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping soil, and so put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common mother the earth. O blessed clime! O happy England! where there is such a rare temperature of heat and cold, and all the rest of elementary qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long, without either shade in summer or fire in winter!

I am now in Valentia, one of the noblest cities in all Spain, situate in a large *vega* or valley, above sixty miles compass: here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifulest females of all Spain, for the prime courtesans in Madrid and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and other fragrant flowers, hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain; and they commonly call it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands were disterred and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called New Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there; amongst others, there is the temple dedicated to Venus, when the snake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but

that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in England. So I am yours.

LETTER L.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO CHRISTOPHER JONES, ESQ.

At Gray's-Inn.

Alicant, 27th March, 1621.

I AM now (thanks be to God!) come to Alicant, the chief rendezvous I aimed at in Spain; for I am to send hence a commodity called barilla to sir Robert Mansel, for making of crystal glass; and I have treated with signior Andriotti, a Genoa merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000*l.* by letters of credit from master Richant; and upon his credit I might have taken many thousand pounds more, he is so well known in the kingdom of Valentia. This barilla is a strange kind of vegetable, and it grows nowhere upon the surface of the earth in that perfection as here. The Venetians have it hence, and it is a commodity whereby this maritime town doth partly subsist: for it is an ingredient that goes to the making of the best Castile soap. It grows thus: it is a round thick earthy shrub that bears berries, like barberries, betwixt blue and green; it lies close to the ground, and when it is ripe they dig it up by the roots, and put it together in cocks, where they leave it to dry many days like hay; then they make a pit of a fathom deep in the earth, and with an instrument like one of our prongs,

they take the tuffs and put fire to them, and when the flame comes to the berries, they melt and dissolve into an azure liquor, and fall down into the pit till it be full; then they dam it up, and some days after they open it, and find this barilla juice turned to a blue stone, so hard that it is scarcely malleable; it is sold at one hundred crowns a ton, but I had it for less. There is also a spurious flower, called gazull, that grows here, but the glass that is made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three months, and most of my food hath been grapes and bread, with other roots, which have made me so fat that I think if you saw me you would hardly know me, such nutriture this deep sanguine Alicant grape gives. I have not received a syllable from you since I was in Antwerp, which transforms me to wonder and engender odd thoughts of jealousy in me, that as my body grows fatter, your love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off those scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a schism in friendship, which I hold to be a very holy league, and no less than a piacle to infringe it; in which opinion I rest your constant friend.

LETTER LI.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO RICHARD ALTHAM, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *Venice*, 1st *July*, 1621.

I WAS plunged in a deep fit of melancholy, Saturn had cast his black influence over all my intellectuals; methought I felt my heart a lump of dough,

and heavy as lead within my breast; when a letter of yours, of the 3d of this month, was brought me, which presently begot new spirits within me, and made such strong impressions upon my intellectuals, that it turned and transformed me into another man. I have read of a duke of Milan and others who were poisoned by reading of a letter; but yours produced contrary effects in me, it became an antidote, or rather a most sovereign cordial to me, more operative than bezoar, of more virtue than portable gold, or the elixir of amber, for it wrought a sudden cure upon me: that fluent and rare mixture of love and wit which I found up-and-down therein, were the ingredients of this cordial; they were as so many choice flowers strewed here and there, which did cast such an odoriferous scent, that they revived all my senses, and dispelled those dull fumes which had formerly overclouded my brain; such was the operation of your most ingenious and affectionate letter, and so sweet an entertainment it gave me. If your letter had that virtue, what would your person have done? and did you know all, you would wish your person here a while; did you know the rare beauty of this virgin city, you would quickly make love to her, and change your Royal Exchange for the Rialto, and your Gray's-Inn-Walks for St. Mark's Place for a time. Farewel, dear child of virtue, and minion of the muses; and love still yours.

LETTER LII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO CHRIS. JONES, ESQ.

At Gray's-Inn, from Naples.

HONOURED FATHER, 8th Oct. 1621.

I MUST still style you so, since I was adopted your son by so good a mother as Oxford; my mind lately prompted me that I should commit a great solecism, if, among the rest of my friends in England, I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, especially having such a fair and pregnant opportunity as the hand of this worthy gentleman, your cousin Morgan, who is now posting hence for England. He will tell you how it fares with me; how, any time these thirty odd months, I have been tossed from shore to shore, and passed under various meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant city of Naples: and though these frequent removes and tumblings under climes of different temper were not without some danger, yet the delight which accompanied them was far greater; and it is impossible for any man to conceive the true pleasure of peregrination, but he who actually enjoys and puts it in practice. Believe it, sir, that one year well employed abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid knowledge than three in any of our universities. You know running waters are the purest, so they that traverse the world up-and-down, have the clearest understanding; being

faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent, and a kind of implicit faith. When I passed through some parts of Lombardy, among other things I observed the physiognomies and complexions of the people, men and women; and I thought I was in Wales, for divers of them have a cast of countenance, and a nearer resemblance with our nation than any I ever saw yet: and the reason is obvious; for the Romans having been near upon three hundred years among us, where they had four legions (before the English nation or language had any being), by so long a coalition and tract of time, the two nations must needs copulate and mix; insomuch, that I believe there is yet remaining in Wales many of the Roman race, and divers in Italy of the British. Among other resemblances, one was in their prosody, and vein of versifying or rhyming, which is like our bards, who hold agnominations, and enforcing of consonant words or syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest elegance. As for example, in Welsh, *Tewgris, todyrris ty'r derryn, gwillt*, &c. so I have seen divers old rhymes in Italian, running so; *Donne, O danno, che felo affronto, affronta: in selva salvo a me: Piu caro, cuore*, &c.

Being lately in Rome, among other pasquils I met with one that was against the Scots; though it had some gall in it, yet it had a great deal of wit, especially towards the conclusion; so that I think, if King James saw it, he would but laugh at it.

As I remember, some years since, there was a very abusive satire in verse brought to our king;

and as the passages were a reading before him he often said, that if there were no more men in England, the rogue should hang for it: at last, being come to the conclusion, which was (after all his railing:)

"Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears;"

this pleased his majesty so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said, "By my saul, so thou shalt for me: thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave."

When you write to Monmouthshire, I pray send my respects to my tutor, master Moor Fortune, and my services to sir Charles Williams: and according to that relation which was betwixt us at Oxford, I rest your constant son to serve you.

LETTER LIII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO DAN. CALDWALL, ESQ.

From the Lord Savage's House in Long Melford.

MY DEAR DAN, 20th of May, 1619.

THOUGH, considering my former condition of life, I may now be called a countryman, yet you cannot call me a rustic(as you would imply in your letter) as long as I live in so civil and noble a family, as long as I lodge in so virtuous and regular a house as any I believe in the land, both for economical government and the choice company; for I never

saw yet such a dainty race of children in all my life together; I never saw yet such an orderly and punctual attendance of servants, nor a great house so neatly kept; here one shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor cage, to cause any nastiness within the body of the house. The kitchen and gutters, and other offices of noise and drudgery, are at the fag-end; there is a back-gate for the beggars and the meaner sorts of swains to come in at; the stables butt upon the park, which for a cheerful rising ground, for groves and browsings for the deer, for rivulets of water, may compare with any for its highness in the whole land; it is opposite to the front of the great house, whence, from the gallery, one may see much of the game when they are a hunting. Now for the gardening and costly choice flowers, for ponds, for stately large walks, green and gravelly, for orchards and choice fruits of all sorts, there are few the like in England; here you have your bon Christian pear and bergamot in perfection; your muscadel grapes in such plenty, that there are some bottles of wine sent every year to the king; and one Mr. Daniel, a worthy gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good store in his vintage. Truly, this house of Long Melford, though it be not so great, yet it is so well compacted and contrived with such dainty conveniences every way, that if you saw the landscape of it, you would be mightily taken with it, and it would serve for a choice pattern to build and contrive a house by. If you come this summer to your manor of Sheriff, in Essex, you will not be far off hence; if your occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, though it be

only to see him, who would think it a short journey to go from St. David's Head to Dover Cliffs to see and serve you, were there occasion: if you would know who the same is, it is yours, &c.

LETTER LIV.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER H. PENRY,

Upon his Marriage.

SIR, 20th May, 1622.

You have had a good while the interest of a friend in me, but you have me now in a straighter tie, for I am your brother by your late marriage, which hath turned friendship into an alliance; you have in your arms one of my dearest sisters, who I hope, nay I know, will make a good wife. I heartily congratulate this marriage, and pray that a blessing may descend upon it from that place where all marriages are made, which is from heaven, the fountain of all felicity: to this prayer I think it no profaneness to add the saying of the lyric poet, Horace, in whom I know you delight much; and I send it you as a kind of epithalamium, and wish it may be verified in you both:

Fælices ter et amplius
Quo irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

THUS ENGLISHED:

That couple's more than trebly bless'd,
Which nuptial bonds do so combine,
That no distaste can them untwine,
Till the last day send both to rest.

So, my dear brother, I much rejoice for this alliance, and wish you may increase and multiply to your heart's content. Your affectionate brother.

LETTER LV.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO THE HON. JOHN SAVAGE, *(Now Earl of Rivers) at Florence.*

SIR, London, 24th March, 1622.

My love is not so short but it can reach as far as Florence to find you out, and farther too, if occasion required; nor are these affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clamber over the Alps and Apennines to wait upon you, as they have adventured to do now in this paper. I am sorry I was not in London to kiss your hands before you set to sea, and much more sorry that I had not the happiness to meet you in Holland or Brabant, for we went the very same road, and lay in Dort and Antwerp, in the same lodgings you had lain in a fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted the sweetness of travel, and that you have weaned your affections from England for a good while: you must now think upon home, as (one said) good men think upon heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their course; and yours, I understand, will be three years: in the mean time you must not suffer any melting tenderness of thoughts, or longing desires, to distract or interrupt you in that fair road you are in to virtue; and to beautify within that comely edifice which nature hath built without you. I

know your reputation is precious to you, as it should be to every noble mind; you have exposed it now to the hazard, therefore you must be careful it receive no taint at your return, by not answering that expectation which your prince and noble parents have of you. You are now under the chiefest clime of wisdom, fair Italy, the darling of nature, the nurse of policy, the theatre of virtue; but though Italy give milk to virtue with one dug, she often suffers vice to suck at the other; therefore you must take heed you mistake not the dug; for there is an ill-favoured saying, that *Inglese Italionate è diavolo incarnato;* an Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity, and noble inclinations to virtue and honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you, that you will hardly get the goodwill of the latter, unless the first speak a good word for you. When you go to Rome you may haply see the ruins of two temples, one dedicated to Virtue, the other to Honour; and there was no way to enter into the last but through the first. Noble sir, I wish your good very seriously, and if you please to call to memory, and examine the circumstance of things, and my carriage towards you since I had the happiness to be known first to your honourable family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar way.

My lord, your grandfather was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while: by the next shipping to Leghorn, among other things he intends to send you a whole brawn

in collars. I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate service to Mr. Thomas Savage, and my kind respects to Mr. Bold. For English news, I know this packet comes freighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewel, noble heir of honour, and command always your true servitor.

LETTER LVI.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO DR. PRICHARD.

SIR, *London, 6th Jan.* 1625.

SINCE I was beholden to you for your many favours in Oxford, I have not heard from you *(ne gry quiden)*; I pray let the wonted correspondence be now revived, and receive new vigour between us.

My lord chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom: it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it had been the fortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, it is rare. It seems the same fate befel him, that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity;

which appeared, as in divers other passages, so once, when the king had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under-keeper, and having drank the king's health to him in a great silver gift bowl, he gave it for his fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to king James, not long before his death, and concludes, "Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity me so far, that I, who have been born to a bag, be not now, in my age, forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live." Which words, in my opinion, argued a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped, that as the father was his creator, the son will be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the lord viscount Verulam, who was a rare man; a man *reconditæ scientiæ, et ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle. They say he shall be the last lord chancellor, as sir Edward Coke was the last lord chief justice of England; for ever since they have been termed lord chief justices of the king's bench; so hereafter they shall be only keepers of the great seal, which for title and office are disposeable; but they say the lord chancellor's title is indelible.

I was lately at Gray's-Inn, with sir Eubule, and he desired me to remember him to you, as I do also salute *Meum Prichardum ex imis præcordiis, Vale κεφαλή μοι φιλεστάτη.*

Yours affectionately.

LETTER LVII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO SIR J. S.

At Leeds Castle.

SIR, Westminster, 25 July, 1625.

It was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration; that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man: the latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similies, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes: but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely couched: a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown; indeed, we should write as we speak; and that is a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two: the tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen, having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy: there are some who in lieu of letters write homi-

lies; they preach when they should epistolize: there are others that turn them to tedious tractates: this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world; but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, li-ted with pedantic shreds of school-boy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbours eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering, and lank hectic expressions, made up of a bombast of words, and finical affected compliments only: I cannot well away with such sleazy stuff, with such cobweb compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apophthegm, example, simile, or any thing of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase in a hundred of them: and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth; insomuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the Echo, "that she is a mere sound, and nothing else."

I return you your Balzac by this bearer: and when I found those letters, wherein he is so familiar with his king, so flat; and those to Richlieu so puffed with profane hyperboles, and larded up-and-down with such gross flatteries, with others

besides, which he sends as urinals up-and-down the world, to look into his water for discovery of the crazy condition of his body; I forebore him further. So I am your affectionate servitor.

LETTER LVIII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO MR. R. SC. AT YORK.

London, 19th July,
SIR, *the 1st of the Dog-days, 1626.*

I SENT you one of the 3d current, but it was not answered; I sent another the 13th, like a second arrow, to find out the first, but I know not what is become of either: I send this to find out the other two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my quiver. If you forget me, I have cause to complain, and more if you remember me: to forget may proceed from the frailty of memory; not to answer me when you mind me, is pure neglect, and no less than a piacle. So I rest yours easily to be recovered.

Ira furor brevis, brevis est mea littera, cogor,
Ira correptus, corripuisse stylum.

LETTER LIX.

FROM JAMES HOWEL, ESQ.

To the Right Hon. Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland.

MADAM, Stamford, 5th Aug. 1628.

I LAY yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the post-master came to my bed's head and told me the duke of Buckingham

was slain: my faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till, an hour ago, I met in the way with my lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and shew me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Subize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochelle was relieved; the duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Subize went away discontented. After breakfast, the duke going out, colonel Fryer stepped before him, and stopped him upon some business, and lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust, with a common ten-penny knife, over Fryer's arm, at the duke, which lighted so fatally that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The duke took out the knife, and threw it away: and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, "The villain hath killed me!" (meaning, as some think, colonel Fryer) for there had been some difference betwixt them; so, reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The duchess, being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-geers from her bed-chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence be-

held him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared, that the reason which moved him to this act was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the king, four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your ladyship, and tell you that he was going to

comfort your neice (the duchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your ladyship, as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my lord in the way; so I humbly take my leave, and rest your ladyship's most dutiful servant.

LETTER LX.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO HIS COUSIN, MR. ST. JOHN,

At Christ College in Oxford.

COUSIN, London, 25th Oct. 1627.

THOUGH you want no incitements to go on in that fair road of virtue where you are now running your course, yet being lately in your noble father's company, he did intimate to me, that any thing which came from me would take with you very much. I hear so well of your proceedings, that I should rather commend than encourage you. I know you were removed to Oxford in full maturity, you were a good orator, a good poet, and a good linguist for your time; I would not have that fate light upon you, which useth to befal some, who from golden students became silver bachelors, and leaden masters: I am far from entertaining such thought of you, that logic with her *quiddites* and *quæ, la, vel kipps*, can any way unpolish your humane studies. As logic is club-fisted and crabbed, so she is terrible at first sight; she is like a gorgon's head to a young student, but after a twelvemonth's constancy and patience, this

gorgon's head will prove a mere bugbear; when you have devoured the organon, you will find philosophy far more delightful and pleasing to your palate. In feeding the soul with knowledge, the understanding requireth the same consecutive acts which nature useth in nourishing the body. To the nutrition of the body there are two essential conditions required, assumption and retention, then there follows two more, πεψις and προσαψις, concoction and agglutination, or adhesion: so in feeding your soul with science, you must first assume and suck in the matter into your apprehension, then must the memory retain and keep it in; afterwards, by disputation, discourse, and meditation, it must be well concocted: then it must be agglutinated and converted to nutriment. All this may be reduced to these two heads, *teneri fideliter*, *et uti fæliciter*, which are two of the happiest properties of a student. There is another act required to good concoction, called the act of expulsion, which puts off all that is unsound and noxious; so in study there must be an expulsive virtue to shun all that is erroneous; and there is no science but is full of such stuff, which by direction of tutor, and choice of good books, must be excerned. Do not confound yourself with multiplicity of authors, two is enough upon any science, provided they be plenary and orthodox; philosophy should be your substantial food, poetry your banqueting stuff; philosophy hath more of reality in it than any knowledge; the philosopher can fathom the deep, measure mountains, reach the stars with a staff, and bless heaven with a girdle.

But among these studies, you must not forget the *unicum necessarium;* on Sundays and holidays, let divinity be the sole object of your speculation, in comparison whereof all other knowledge is but cobweb learning: *præ quâ quisquiliæ cætera.*

When you can make truce with study, I should be glad you would employ some superfluous hour or other to write to me, for I much covet your good, because I am your affectionate cousin.

LETTER LXI.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO HIS FATHER.

SIR, *London, 30th Sept.* 1629.

Our two younger brothers which you sent hither are disposed of; my brother doctor hath placed the elder of the two with Mr. Hawes, a mercer in Cheapside, and he took much pains in it; and I had placed my brother Ned with Mr. Barrington, a silk-man in the same street; but afterwards, for some inconveniences, I removed him to one Mr. Smith, at the Flower-de-luce in Lombard Street, a mercer also. Their masters, both of them, are very well to pass, and of good repute; I think it will prove some advantage to them hereafter to be both of one trade: because, when they are out of their time, they may join stocks together: so that I hope, sir, they are as well placed as any two youths in London; but you must not use to send them such large tokens in money, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother

Ned apprentice in Drapers' Hall, casting my eyes upon the chimney-piece of the great room, I spied a picture of an ancient gentleman, and underneath, Thomas Howel: I asked the clerk about him; and he told me, that he had been a Spanish merchant in Henry VIII.'s time, and coming home rich, and dying a bachelor, he gave that hall to the company of drapers, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chiefest benefactors. I told the clerk that one of the sons of Thomas Howel came now thither to be bound; he answered, that if he be a right Howel, he may have, when he is free, three hundred pounds to help to set up, and pay no interest for five years. It may be hereafter we will make use of this. He told me also, that any maid that can prove her father to be a true Howel may come and demand fifty pounds towards her portion of the said hall. I am to go post towards York, to-morrow, to my charge, but hope, God willing, to be here again the next term: so, with my love to my brother Howel, and my sister, his wife, I rest your dutiful son.

LETTER LXII.

JAMES HOWEL TO R. S. ESQ.

SIR, *Westminster, 3d Aug.* 1629.

I AM one of them who value not a courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those bird-limed kindnesses which Pliny speaks of; nor would I receive money in a

dirty clout, if possible I could be without it: therefore I return you the courtesy by the same hand that brought it; it might have pleasured me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudiced me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than your humble servitor.

LETTER LXIII.

J. HOWEL, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. FIELD,

Lord Bishop of St. David's.

MY LORD, Westminster, 1st May, 1632.

YOUR late letter affected me with two contrary passions, with gladness and sorrow. The beginning of it dilated my spirits with apprehensions of joy, that you are so well recovered of your late sickness, which I heartily congratulate: but the conclusion of your lordship's letter contracted my spirits, and plunged them in a deep sense of just sorrow, while you please to write me news of my dear father's death. *Permulsit initium, percussit finis.* Truly, my lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me: but when I recollect myself, and consider the fairness and maturity of his age, and that it was rather a gentle dissolution than a death; when I contemplate that infinite advantage he hath got by this change and transmigration, it much lightens the weight of my grief; for if ever human soul entered heaven, surely his is there. Such was his constant piety to God, his rare indulgence to his children, his charity to his neigh-

bours, and his candour in reconciling differences; such was the gentleness of his disposition, his unwearied course in actions of virtue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when she hath shaken off these rags of flesh, than to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same bliss.

Excuse me, my lord, that I take my leave at this time so abruptly of you: when this sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear further from me; for I am your lordship's most true and humble servitor.

LETTER LXIV.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO MASTER THOMAS ADAMS.

SIR, *Westminster, 25th August*, 1633.

I PRAY stir nimbly in the business you imparted to me last, and let it not languish; you know how much it concerns your credit, and the conveniency of a friend who deserves so well of you: I fear you will meet with divers obstacles in the way, which if you cannot remove, you must overcome. A lukewarm irresolute man did never any thing well; every thought entangles him; therefore you must pursue the point of your design with heat, and set all wheels a-going. It is a true badge of a generous nature, being once embarked in a business, to hoist up and spread every sail, main, mizen, sprit and top-sail; by that means he will sooner arrive at his port. If the winds be so cross, and that there be such a fate in the thing, that it can take no effect, yet you shall have wherewith to satisfy an honest

mind, that you left no thing unattempted to compass it; for in the conduct of human affairs, it is a rule, that a good conscience hath always within doors enough to reward itself, though the success fall not out according to the merit of the endeavour.

I was, according to your desire, to visit the late new-married couple more than once; and to tell you true, I never saw such a disparity between two that were made one flesh in all my life: he handsome outwardly, but of odd conditions; she excellently qualified, but hard-favoured; so that the one may be compared to a cloth of tissue doubled, cut upon coarse canvas; the other to a buckram petticoat, lined with satin. I think Clotho had her fingers smutted in snuffing the candle, when she began to spin the thread of her life, and Lachesis frowned in twisting it up; but Aglaia, with the rest of the Graces, were in a good humour when they formed her inner-parts. A blind man is fittest to hear her sing; one would take delight to see her dance if masked; and it would please you to discourse with her in the dark, for there she is best company, if your imagination can forbear to run upon her face. When you marry, I wish you such an inside of a wife; but from such an outward phisnomy the Lord deliver you, and your faithful friend to serve you.

LETTER LXV.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO HIS NEPHEW, J. P.

At St. John's, in Oxford.

NEPHEW, Westminster, 1st August, 1633.

I HAD from you lately two letters; the last was well freighted with very good stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so: there was as much difference between them, as betwixt a Scotch pedlar's pack in Poland, and the magazine of an English merchant in Naples; the one being usually full of taffaty, silks, and satins; the other of calicoes, thread, ribbons, and such poldavy ware. I perceive you have good commodities to vend, if you take the pains: your trifles and bagatelles are ill bestowed upon me, therefore hereafter, I pray, let me have of your best sort of wares. I am glad to find that you have stored up so much already: you are in the best mart in the world to improve them, which I hope you daily do; and I doubt not, when the time of your apprenticeship there is expired, but you shall find a good market to expose them, for your own and the public benefit, abroad. I have sent you the philosophy books you wrote to me for; any thing that you want of this kind for the advancement of your studies, do but write, and I shall furnish you. When I was a student as you are, my practice was to borrow rather than buy some sort of books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the day assigned, and in the interim to swallow of them as much

as made for my turn. This obliged me to read them through with more haste, to keep my word; whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them had they been my own books, which I knew were always ready at my dispose. I thank you heartily for your last letter, in regard I found it smelt of the lamp; I pray let your next do so, and the oil and labour shall not be lost which you expend upon your assured loving uncle.

LETTER LXVI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ELIZABETH DIGBY.

MADAM, *Westminster, 5th August.*

It is no improper comparison, that a thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent. Madam, without vanity be it spoken, such is my heart to you, and such are your favours to me; the strong aromatic odour they carried with them diffused itself through all the veins of my heart, especially through the left ventricle, where the most illustrious blood lies; so that the perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that triangle of flesh dilates and shuts itself within my breast; nor doth this perfume stay there, but, as all smells naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my brain, and sweetened all the cells thereof, especially the memory, which may be said to be a cabinet also to preserve courtesies;

for though the heart be the box of love, the memory is the box of lastingness; the one may be termed the source whence the motions of gratitude flow, the other the cistern that keeps them.

But your ladyship will say, these are words only; I confess it, it is but a verbal acknowledgment: but, madam, if I were made happy with an opportunity, you shall quickly find these words turned to actions, either to go, to run, or ride upon your errand. In expectation of such a favourable occasion, I rest, madam, your ladyship's most humble and enchained servitor.

LETTER LXVII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO MASTER J. H.

At St. John's College, in Cambridge.

MASTER HALL, Fleet, 3d Dec.

Yours, of the 13th of this instant, came safely, though slowly, to hand; for I had it not till the 20th of the same, and the next day your essays were brought me. I entertained both with much respect: for I found therein many choice and ripe notions, which, I hope, proceed from a pregnancy rather than præcosity of spirit in you.

I perceive you have entered the suburbs of Sparta already, and that you are in a fair way to get to the town itself; I know you have wherewith to adorn her; nay, you may, in time, gain Athens herself, with all the knowledge she was ever mistress of, if you go on in your career with

constancy. I find you have a genius for the most solid and severest sort of studies; therefore, when you have passed through the briars of logic, I could wish you to go strongly on in the fair fields of philosophy and the mathematics, which are true academical studies, and they will afford rich matter of application for your inventive spirit to work upon. By all means understand Aristotle in his own language, for it is the language of learning. Touching poetry, history, and other human studies, they may serve you for your recreation, but let them not by any means allure your affections from the first. I shall delight sometimes to hear of your proceedings; for I profess a great deal of good-will to you, which makes me rest your respectful friend to serve you.

LETTER LXVIII.

FROM THE SAME TO MR. E. O.

Counsellor at Gray's-Inn.

SIR, Fleet, 3d August.

THE sad tidings of my dear friend Dr. Prichard's death sunk deep into me; and the more I ruminate upon it, the more I resent it: but when I contemplate the order, and those adamantine laws which nature puts into such strict execution throughout this elementary world; when I consider, that, up and down this frail globe of earth, we are but strangers and sojourners at best, being designed for an infinitely better country; when I

think that our egress out of this life is as natural to us as our ingress (all which he knew as much as any); these thoughts, in a checking way, turn my melancholy to a counter-passion; they beget another spirit within me. You know, that in the disposition of all sublunary things, "Nature is God's handmaid, fate his commissioner, time his instrument, and death his executioner." By the first we have generation; by the second successes, good or bad; and the two last bring us to our end: time, with his vast scythe, mows down all things, and death sweeps away those mowings. Well, he was a rare and a complete judicious scholar, as any that I have known born under your meridian; he was both solid and acute; nor do I remember to have seen soundness and quaintness, with such sweet strains of morality, concur so in any. I should think that he fell sick of the times, but that I knew him to be so good a divine and philosopher, and to have studied the theory of this world so much, that nothing could take impression in him to hurt himself; therefore I am content to believe, that his glass ran out without any jogging. I know you loved him dearly well, which shall make me the more your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER LXIX.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO MASTER G. STONE.

SIR, Westminster, 30th Nov. 1635.

I HEARTILY rejoice, with the rest of your friends, that you are safely returned from your travels, especially that you have made so good returns of

the time of your travel, being, as I understand, come home freighted with observations and languages. Your father tells me, that he finds you are so wedded to the Italian and French, that you utterly neglect the Latin tongue; that is not well. I know you are so discreet in the course and method of your studies, that you will make the daughters to wait upon their mother, and love still your old friend. To truck the Latin for any other vulgar language is but an ill barter; it is as bad as that which Glaucus made with Diomedes, when he parted with his golden arms for brazen ones. The proceed of this exchange will come far short of any gentleman's expectation, though haply it may prove advantageous to a merchant, to whom common languages are more useful. I am big with desire to meet you, and to mingle a day's discourse with you, if not two; how you escaped the claws of the Inquisition, whereunto, I understand, you were like to fall; and of other traverses of your peregrination. Farewel, my precious Stone, and believe it, the least grain of those high respects you please to profess unto me is not lost, but answered with so many carrats. So I rest your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER LXX.

FROM THE SAME TO MR. R. K.

DEAR SIR, Westminster, 15th August, 1636.

You and I are upon a journey, though bound for several places, I for Hamburgh, you for your last home, as I understand by Dr. Baskerville, who

tells me, much to my grief, that this hectical disease will not suffer you to be long among us. I know, by some experiments which I have had of you, you have such a noble soul within you, that will not be daunted by those natural apprehensions which death doth usually carry along with it among vulgar spirits. I do not think that you fear death as much now (though it be to some φοβερῶν φοβερώτατον), as you did to go into the dark when you were a child; you have had a fair time to prepare yourself. God give you a boon voyage to the haven you are bound for (which, I doubt not, will be heaven), and me the grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous sea and swelling billows of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, passed over some quicksands, rocks, and sundry ill-favoured reaches, while others sail in the sleeve of fortune. You and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence, and otherwise, both in verse and prose.

And now, my dear friend, adieu, and live eternally in that world of endless bliss, where you shall have knowledge, as well as all things else, commensurate to your desires, where you shall clearly see the real causes and perfect truth of what we argue with that incertitude, and beat our brains about here below; yet though you be gone hence, you shall never die in the memory of your, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO MR. R. HOWARD.

SIR, *Fleet, 14th Feb.* 1647.

THERE is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of caution: "From him whom I trust God defend me; for from him whom I trust not I will defend myself." There be sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest: I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take air and go abroad: which was not done according to the rules and religion of friendship, but it went out of him the very next day. Though the inconvenience may be mine; yet the reproach is his: nor would I exchange my damage for his disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the comic poet speaks of, "*Plenus rimarum*," "he is full of chinks, he can hold nothing;" you know a secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two; but Tom must be none of those two, unless there were a trick to solder up his mouth: if he had committed a secret to me, and enjoined me silence, and I had promised it, though I had been shut up in Perillus' brazen bull, I should not have bellowed it out. I find it now true, "that he who discovers his secrets to another, sells him his liberty, and becomes his slave." Well, I shall be warrier hereafter, and learn more wit. In the interim, the best satisfaction I can give myself is, to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to rase him

out of the catalogue of my friends (though I cannot of my acquaintance), where your name is inserted in great golden characters. I will endeavour to lose the memory of him, and that my thoughts may never run more upon the fashion of his face, which, you know, he hath no cause to brag of; I hate such blateroons:

Odi illos ceu claustra Erebi——

I thought good to give you this little mot of advice, because the times are ticklish, of committing secrets to any, though not to your most affectionate friend to serve you.

LETTER LXXII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO SIR K. D.

At Rome.

SIR, Fleet, 3d March 1646.

THOUGH you know well, that in the carriage and course of my rambling life, I had occasion to be, as the Dutchman saith, a landloper, and to see much of the world abroad, yet methinks I have travelled more since I have been immured and martyred betwixt these walls than ever I did before; for I have travelled the Isle of Man, I mean this little world, which I have carried about me and within me so many years: for as the wisest of Pagan philosophers said that the greatest learning was the knowledge of one's self, to be his own geometrician; if one do so, he need not gad abroad

to see fashions, he shall find enough at home, he shall hourly meet with new fancies, new humours, new passions within doors.

This travelling over of one's-self is one of the paths that leads a man to paradise: it is true, that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick set with extravagant desires, irregular affections and concupiscences, which are but odd comrades, and oftentimes do lie in ambush to cut our throats: there are also some melancholy companions in the way, which are our thoughts, but they turn many times to be good fellows, and the best company; which makes me, that among these disconsolate walls I am never less alone than when I am alone; I am oft-times sole, but seldom solitary. Some there are, who are over-pestered with these companions, and have too much mind for their bodies; but I am none of those.

There have been (since you shook hands with England) many strange things happened here, which posterity must have a strong faith to believe; but, for my part, I wonder not at any thing, I have seen such monstrous things. You know there is nothing that can be casual; there is no success, good or bad, but is contingent to man sometime or other; nor are there any contingencies, present or future, but they have their parallels from time past; for the great wheel of fortune, upon whose rim (as the twelve signs upon the zodiac) all worldly chances are embossed, turns round perpetually; and the spokes of that wheel, which point at all human actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution; which makes me little marvel at any of the strange

traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like formerly. If the liturgy is now suppressed, the missal and the Roman breviary was used so a hundred years since: if crosses, church windows, organs, and fonts, are now battered down, I little wonder at it; for chapels, monasteries, hermitaries, nunneries, and other religious houses, were used so in the time of old King Henry: if bishops and deans are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for abbots, priors, and the pope himself, had that fortune here an age since. That our king is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it; for the first time I travelled France, Lewis XIII. (afterwards a most triumphant king as ever that country had) in a dangerous civil war was brought to such straits; for he was brought to dispense with part of his coronation oath, to remove from his court of justice, from the council table, from his very bed-chamber, his greatest favourites: he was driven to be content to pay the expense of the war, to reward those that took arms against him, and publish a declaration that the ground of their quarrel was good; which was the same in effect with ours; *viz.* a discontinuance of the assembly of the three estates, and that Spanish counsels did predominate in France.

You know better than I, that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of heaven: if good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them. He is the pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world; and we must not presume to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the com-

pass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather, and after a storm, he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompence ill times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whatever becomes of your still more faithful humble servitor.

LETTER LXXIII.

JAMES HOWEL, ESQ. TO MR. WILLIAM BLOIS.

My worthy esteemed Nephew, *Fleet, 20th March*, 1647.

I RECEIVED those rich nuptial favours you appointed me for bands and hats, which I wear with very much contentment and respect, most heartily wishing that this late double condition may multiply new blessings upon you, that it may usher in fair and golden days, according to the colour and substance of your bridal ribband; that those days may be perfumed with delight and pleasure, as the rich-scented gloves I wear for your sake. May such benedictions attend you both, as the epithalamiums of Stella in Statius, and Julia in Catullus speak of. I hope also to be married shortly to a lady whom I have wooed above these five years, but I have found her coy and dainty hitherto; yet, I am now like to get her good-will in part, I mean the lady Liberty.

When you see my N. Brownrigg, I pray tell him that I did not think Suffolk waters had such a Lethean quality in them, as to cause such an amnestia in him of his friends here upon the Thames,

among whom, for reality and seriousness, I may match among the foremost; but I impute it to some new task that his muse might haply impose upon him, which hath engrossed all his speculations; I pray present my cordial kind respects unto him.

So, praying that a thousand blessings may attend this confarreation, I rest, my dear nephew, yours most affectionately to love and serve you.

ELEGANT EPISTLES

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT

WRITERS;

BOOK THE SECOND:

MODERN OF EARLY DATE.

PART II.

Drawn by J. Thurston

LONDON

ELEGANT EPISTLES.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Modern of early Date.

PART II.

LETTER I.

SIR MATTHEW HALE TO HIS CHILDREN.

On Conversation.

DEAR CHILDREN,

I THANK God, I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befals persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak any thing for a truth which you know, or believe, to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself: for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker: for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate; nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority, but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers, are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those, whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent, in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what

you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry; some in gardening; some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing: by this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of every body you converse with; and, at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them, and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it: most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you: and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of any body, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition, or natural defects, of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and, by a superior, they must, be reproved: but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise, it will

lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence: give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation; and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for every thing that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of holy scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness; and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain."

If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Read these directions often; think of them seriously; and practise them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation; which will be every day the more evident to you, as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

I have little further to add at this time, but my wish and command that you will remember the

former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment: for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honour you minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honour that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt, which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family: but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all.

I am your ever loving father.

Written in the year 1662 *or* 1663.

LETTER II.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE TO THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX,

On the Excess of her Grief, occasioned by the Loss of her only Daughter.

Sheen, Jan. 29, 1674.

THE honour which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject; give me leave to tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than

a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or becomes us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him: so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save any thing by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one; yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do: for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition: so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good, which is better than that of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship

has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world; you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or perhaps because he would show his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest: would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true, you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age: but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long;

you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor any thing else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to every thing else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide: but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and, if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends

for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say; "My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world." Have I reason, madam, or good grace, in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever HE who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befals us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes: for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

But, madam, though religion were no party in your case, and for so violent and injurious a grief, you had nothing to answer to God, but only to the world and yourself; yet I very much doubt how you would be acquitted. We bring into the world with us a poor, needy, uncertain life; short at the longest, and unquiet at the best. All the imaginations of the witty and the wise have been

perpetually busied to find out the ways to revive it with pleasures, or to relieve it with diversions; to compose it with ease, and settle it with safety. To these ends have been employed the institutions of lawgivers, the reasonings of philosophers, the inventions of poets, the pains of labouring, and the extravagances of voluptuous men. All the world is perpetually at work that our poor mortal lives may pass the easier and happier for that little time we possess them, or else end the better when we lose them. On this account riches and honours are coveted, friendship and love pursued, and the virtues themselves admired in the world. Now, madam, is it not to bid defiance to all mankind, to condemn their universal opinions and designs, if, instead of passing your life as well and easily, you resolve to pass it as ill and as miserably, as you can? You grow insensible to the conveniences of riches, the delights of honour and praise, the charms of kindness or friendship, nay to the observance or applause of virtues themselves: for who can you expect, in these excesses of passions, will allow that you show either temperance or fortitude, either prudence or justice? And as for your friends, I suppose you reckon upon losing their kindness, when you have sufficiently convinced them they can never hope for any of yours, since you have none left for yourself, or any thing else.

Passions are, perhaps, the stings, without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed, they ought to be our servants and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to

have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone, as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied; there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous: and, therefore, it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would, in all appearance, have befallen them if they had staid longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship, to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old; though you lost one indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be, of being both in time, and every thing else that is estimable and good. But yet, that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth: so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age, might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet, after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do any thing to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours; I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply as they could. But, alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature does nothing in vain: as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves.

Perhaps, madam, you will say, this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but HIS who lent it you to manage and preserve in the best way you can, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our country and our family: therefore, by all human laws as

well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime; and it is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there, if we break our hearts or consume them; if we pierce them or bruise them: since all terminates in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But what if it does not go so far; it is not indeed so bad as it might be, but that does not excuse it: though I do not kill my neighbour, is it no hurt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself: is it a small one to wound himself, by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair; to ruin his health; to shorten his age; to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life?

Next to the mischiefs which we do ourselves are those which we do our children and our friends, who deserve best of us, or at least deserve no ill. The child you carry about you, what has it done, that you should endeavour to deprive it of life almost as soon as you bestow it? or if you suffer it to be born, that you should, by your ill usage of yourself, so much impair the strength of its body, and perhaps the very temper of its mind, by giving it such an infusion of melancholy, as may serve to discolour the objects and disrelish the accidents it may meet with in the common train of life? Would it be a small injury to my lord Capell, to deprive him of a mother, from whose prudence

and kindness he may justly expect the care of his health and education, the forming of his body, and the cultivating of his mind, the seeds of honour and virtue, and the true principles of a happy life? How has lord Essex deserved that you should deprive him of a wife whom he loves with so much passion, and, which is more, with so much reason; who is so great an honour and support to his family, so great a hope to his fortune, and comfort to his life? Are there so many left of your own great family, that you should desire in a manner wholly to reduce it, by suffering almost the last branch of it to wither away before its time? or is your country, in this age, so stored with great persons, that you should envy it those whom we may justly expect from so noble a race?

Whilst I had any hopes that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it; nor ever increased it, by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it: and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long: but, when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it, without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so

disconsolate a passion: but that you would, at length, awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Piercies, which never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humour that are so natural to you, and sear up those of ill that would make you so unkind to your children, and to yourself; and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health, and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honour and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honour for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

LETTER III.

DR. TILLOTSON TO THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

MY LORD, *Oct.* 23, 1679.

It was a great satisfaction to me to be anywise instrumental in the gaining of your lordship to our religion, which I am most firmly persuaded to be the truth; but yet I am, and always was, more concerned that your lordship should continue

a virtuous and good man, than become a protestant; being assured that the ignorance and errors of men's understandings will find a much easier forgiveness with God than the faults of their wills. I remember your lordship once told me, you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change, by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life; I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man, after your profession to have embraced a better religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be among the first that should hear of it. Before the time I last waited on your lordship, I had heard something which afflicted me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth then to trouble your lordship about it; but having heard the same since from those whom I believe to bear no ill-will to your lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your lordship is of late fallen into a conversation dangerous both to your reputation and virtue, two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your lordship to have great command and conduct of yourself, but am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age; and therefore I earnestly beseech your lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of almighty God, and the hazard of your soul whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation, what

uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience, and how great a violence you will offer to the good principles of your nature and education, and to a mind the best made for virtuous and worthy things. And do not imagine you can stop when you please; experience shews us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for men to think to set bounds to themselves in any that is bad: I hope in God that no temptation hath yet prevailed upon your lordship so far as to be guilty of any lewd act: if it have, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to a habit. The retreat is yet easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed; God is so merciful, that upon our repentance and resolution of amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his grace to do better for the future; but I need not enforce these considerations upon a mind so capable and easy to receive good counsel; I shall only desire your lordship to think again and again how great a point of wisdom it is in all our actions to consult the peace of our own minds, and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us we may quit their company; but he that is displeased at himself is unavoidably unhappy, because he hath no way to get rid of himself.

My lord, for God's sake, and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation; and determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition than to gratify the inclinations of youth

in any way but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the contentment to be assured from your lordship, either that there hath been no ground for this report, or that there shall be none for the future, which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have now only to beg of your lordship to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession; but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good-will that one man can possibly bear to another.

I pray God every day for your lordship, with the same constancy and fervour of devotion as for myself; and do now more earnestly beg of him, that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

EARL OF MULGRAVE TO DR. TILLOTSON.

SIR, *Whitehall, March* 27, 1689.

NOTHING in this world is, nor ought to be, so dear to any man, as his reputation; and consequently the defence of it is the greatest obligation that one man can lay on another: there are also some circumstances, that render this obligation yet more acceptable and valuable; as when it is conferred generously, without any self-interest, or the least desire of invitation from the person so defended. All this happens to be my case at this time; and therefore I hope you will not be surprised to find I am not the most ungrateful and insensible man

living; which certainly I should be, if I did not acknowledge all your industrious concern for me about the business of the ecclesiastical commission, which now makes so much noise in the world. You have, as I am told, so cordially pleaded my cause, that it is almost become your own; and therefore, as unwilling as I am to speak of myself, especially in a business which I cannot wholly excuse, yet I think myself now a little obliged to shew my part in this matter; though imprudent enough, yet it is not altogether unworthy of so just and so considerable an advocate.

The less a man says of himself, the better; and it is so well known already how I was kept out of all the secret councils, that I need not justify myself, nor trouble you as to those matters; only I appeal to the unquestionable testimony of the Spanish ambassador, if I did not zealously and constantly take all occasions to oppose the French interest; because I knew it directly opposite both to the king and kingdom's good, which are indeed things inseparable, and ought be so accounted, as a fundamental maxim in all councils of princes.

This, I hope, will prepare the way a little for what I have to say concerning my being one of the ecclesiastical commissioners; of which error I am now as sensible as I was at first ignorant, being so unhappily conversant in the midst of a perpetual court-flattery, as never to have heard the least word of any illegality in that commission before I was unfortunately engaged in it.

For, though my lord of Canterbury had very prudently refused to be of it, yet it was talked at court, it proceeded only from his unwillingness to

act at that time, and not from any illegality he suspected in the commission; having excused himself from it the most respectful way, by the infirmities he lay under. Being thus ignorant of the laws, and in such a station at court, I need not desire a man of your judgment and candour to consider the hardness of my case, when I was commanded to serve in a commission with a lord chancellor, a lord chief justice, and two bishops, who had all of them already acted some time there, without shewing the least diffidence of their power, or any hesitation in the execution of it; and perhaps a man of more discretion than I can pretend to, might have been easily persuaded to act in such a conjunction, and to think he might do it safely, both in law and conscience: but I need not say much to shew my desire to have avoided, if possible, a troublesome employment, that had not the least temptation of honour or profit to recommend it; and which therefore I continued in upon no account in the world but to serve both king and clergy with the little ability I had, in moderating those councils, which I thought might grow higher if I left my place to be filled by any of those who waited for it greedily, in order to their ill designs.

And I may expect the more credit in this, when it is considered that the two important affairs which passed in that ecclesiastical court, being the bishop of London's suspension, and the incapacitating the members of Magdalen college: the first was done some months before I was a commissioner; and I opposed the last, both in voting and speaking, and with all the interest I was able

to make use of, which indeed was but little after that opposition; in which being outvoted, I seldom came, and never acted in that court after, except to restore the bishop of London, though sent for continually, by reason of my lodging so near it.

And since I have been forced to mention my good-will at least, if not my service, to such learned men of the clergy who I thought deserved it, it may be allowed me to give this one instance more of it; that although in preferring men to all other places of the household, I ever used to ask permission first, and accordingly was often refused, for the sake of Roman catholics and others, who were recommended by persons more in favour than myself; yet I was so careful of keeping that considerable part of the family unmixed with mean or unworthy chaplains, whom others I feared would have imposed on his majesty, that I constantly filled up those vacancies without giving him the least notice or trouble about it, and supplied them with the ablest approved divines I could possibly find, most commonly recommended to me by the bishops who were not of the court: which I conceived the most proper course, in a matter concerning clergymen, with a king of a different persuasion from theirs, and intended for his real service, believing it had been better for him, as well as the kingdom, if the greater ecclesiastical dignities had been disposed of by others with as much caution.

And thus, sir, I have endeavoured to confirm you in your favourable opinion of me, which must be acknowledged by every body an approbation

of such weight, that as I hope it may be an example of authority to many, so it is sufficient of itself to balance the censoriousness of others. I am, &c.

LETTER V.

LADY RUSSELL'S LETTER TO THE KING, CHARLES II.

(Indorsed by her; My letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death.)

May it please your Majesty,

I FIND my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, and still continue to misrepresent him to your majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that (during his imprisonment*) I often heard him discourse of the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he herein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is ex-

* The words included in the parenthesis are crossed out.

actly true*; as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband, that I was privy to, shewed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he, who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so. And if after the loss, in such a manner, of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it by having better thought of him; which when I was so importunate to speak with your majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your majesty; if I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your majesty's father in his greatest extremities (and your majesty in your greatest posts), and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before). I shall ever pray for your majesty's long life and happy reign; who am with all humility, may it please your majesty, &c.

* It contained an account of all that passed between Dr Burnet and his lordship concerning his last speech and paper. It is called the Journal, in the History of his own Times, vol. i. p. 562.

LETTER VI.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

31*st January*, 1684-5.

You pursue, good doctor, all ways of promoting comfort to my afflicted mind, and will encourage me to think the better of myself for that better temper of mind you judge you found me in, when you so kindly gave me a week of your time in London. You are highly in the right, that as quick a sense of sharpness on the one hand, and tenderness on the other, can cause, I labour under, and shall, I believe, to the end of my life, so eminently unfortunate in the close of it.

But I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things has been, and though they are passed away no more to return, yet I have a pleasant work to do, dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Amongst whom my hope in my loved lord is one: and my often repeated prayer to my God is, that if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul.

Do not press yourself, sir, too greatly in seeking my advantage, but when your papers do come, I expect and hope they will prove such. The accidents of every day tell us of what a tottering clay our bodies are made. Youth nor beauty, greatness nor wealth, can prop it up. If it could, the lady Ossory had not so early left this world; she died (as an express acquainted her father this morn-

ing) on Sunday last, of a flux and miscarrying. I heard also this day of a kinsman that is gone; a few years ago I should have had a more concerned sense for sir Thomas Vernon*, his unfitness (as I doubt) I do lament indeed.

Thus I treat you, as I am myself, with objects of mortification. But you want none such in your solitude, and I, being unprovided of other, will leave you to your own thoughts, and ever continue, sir, your obliged servant.

My neighbours and tenants are under some distress, being questioned about accounts, and several leaves found torn out of the books, so that Kingdome and Trant offered 40,000*l.* for atonement, but having confessed two more were privy to this cutting out leaves, the king will have them discovered: till Monday they have time given them. You had given lady Julian one of those books.

* Sir Thomas Vernon, on the jury against sir Samuel Barnardiston, knighted for his service in it, and then made foreman to convict Oates of perjury. Sir Samuel Barnardiston, 14th February, 1683-4, was fined 10,000*l.* for writing some letters, in which he used these expressions *(inter alia)*. "The lord Howard appears despicable in the eyes of all men.—The brave lord Russell is afresh lamented—It is generally said the earl of Essex was murdered—The plot is lost here—The duke of Monmouth said publicly, that he knew my lord Russell was as loyal subject as any in England, and that his majesty believed the same now—The printer of the late lord Russell's speech was passed over with silence—The sham Protestant plot is quite lost and confounded, &c."—He was committed for his fine to the King's Bench, continued prisoner four or five years, and great waste and destruction made on his estate.

LETTER VII.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Southampton-house, 17th July, 1685.

NEVER shall I, good doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labour and love; so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time, when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here; I would have it as it is; and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward: and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time, than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it; then

how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had: yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God, and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus; that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored me my little girl, the surgeon says she will do well. I should now hasten to give them the advantage of the country air, but am detained by the warning to see my uncle Ruviguy here, who comes to me, so I know not how to quit my house till I have received him, at least into it; he is upon his journey.

My lady Gainsborough came to this town last night, and I doubt found neither her own daughter nor lady Jane in a good condition of health. I had carried a surgeon on the day before to let my niece blood, by Dr. Loure's direction, who could not attend by reason my lord Radnor lay in extremity, and he was last night past hopes. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold, and he fears

her to be something hectic, but I hope youth will struggle and overcome; they are children whose least concerns touch me to the quick; their mother was a delicious friend; sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself, yet, how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me. I must stop, for if I let my pen run on, I know not where it will end. I am, good doctor, with great faithfulness, your affectionate friend to serve you.

LETTER VIII.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Woborne Abbey, 27th Nov. 1685.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine I make the just allowance for: not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be, but however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or

rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose inticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so), also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his

glory, justice, or power, is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the meantime I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the gospel, "I believe, help thou my unbelief."

If any thing I say suggest to you matter for a pious reflection, I have not hurt you but ease myself, by letting loose some of my crowded thoughts. I must not finish without telling you, I have not the book you mention of Seraphical Meditations of the bishop of Bath and Wells*, and should willingly see one here, since you design the present. I have sent you the last sheet of your papers, as the surest course; you can return it with the book. You would, sir, have been welcome to lord Bedford, who expresses himself hugely obliged to the bishop of Ely † your friend; to whom you justly give the title of good, if the character he has very generally belongs to him. And who is good is happy; for he is only truly miserable, or wretchedly so, that has no joy here, nor hopes for any hereafter. I believe it may be near Christmas before my lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed him about it, nor how long he desires our company; so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know not; he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better

* Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, of an ascetic course of life, and yet of a very lively temper.

† Turner, bishop of Ely, sincere and good natured, of too quick imagination, and too defective a judgment.

than another, if the use and conveniencies be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world; and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of, sir, your obliged friend to serve you.

I am mightily in arrear; pray let me know what, and if I shall direct the paying it, or stay till I see you.

LETTER IX.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

15th January, 1685-6.

I PRESUME, doctor, you are now so settled in your retirement (for such it is in comparison of that you can obtain at London) that you are at leisure to peruse the inclosed papers; hereafter I will send them once a week, or oftener if you desire it.

Yesterday the lord Delamere passed his trial, and was acquitted*. I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood that has been shed of late in this poor land. But, doctor, as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials, into the same sour humour that con-

* Henry Booth, lord Delamere, tried for partaking in Monmouth's rebellion. Finch, solicitor-general, was very violent against him, but Saxon, the only positive evidence, appearing perjured, he was acquitted by his peers. He afterwards strenuously promoted the Revolution; in 1690, was created earl of Warrington; and died 1693.

sumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs; but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here; for which I hope my punishment will end with life.

The accounts from France are more and more astonishing; the perfecting the work is vigorously pursued, and by this time completed it is thought; all without exception having a day given them; only these I am going to mention have found so much grace as I will tell you. The countess du Roy * is permitted with two daughters to go within fourteen days to her husband, who is in Denmark, in that king's service; but five other of her children are put into monasteries. Mareschal Schomberg † and his wife are commanded to be prisoners

* Countess du Roy, wife of Frederic Charles du Roy, knight of the elephant, and generalissimo to the king of Denmark; his daughter, Henrietta, was the second wife of William Wentworth, earl of Strafford.

† Frederic de Schomberg, marshal of France, was created by king William, duke Schomberg, &c. 1689; killed at the battle of the Boyne, 1st July, 1690. He was son of count Schomberg, by lord Dudley's daughter. The count was killed, with several sons, at the battle of Prague, 1620. The duke was a man of great calmness, application, and conduct; of true judgment, exact probity, and an humble obliging temper. The persecution

in their house, in some remote part of France appointed them. My uncle and his wife are permitted to come out of France. This I was told for a truth last night, but I hope it needs a confirmation.

It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers and sent into monasteries; their mothers to another: the husband to prison, or the galleys. These are amazing providences, doctor! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers. I am too melancholy an intelligencer to be very long, so will hasten to conclude, first telling you lord Talbot* is come out of Ireland, and brought husbands for his daughters-in-law; one was married on Tuesday to a lord Roffe, the other lord is Dungan; Waldgrave that married the king's daughter, is made a lord†. The brief for the poor protestants was not sealed on Wednesday, as was hoped it would be: the chancellor bid it be laid by, when it was offered him to seal. I am very really, doctor, your affectionate friend and servant.

of the protestants induced him to leave France and enter into king William's service. He was 82 years old at his death. His son Charles was mortally wounded at the battle of Marsiglia, 24th Sept. 1693.

* Lord Richard Talbot, afterwards earl of Tyrconnel; a papist.

† Henry lord Waldgrave, of Chewton, married the lady Henrietta Fitz-James, natural daughter to king James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to John Duke of Marlborough; he retired to France in 1689, and died at Paris the same year.

LETTER X.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

22d January, 1685-6.

I HAVE received and read your letters, good doctor. As you never fail of performing a just part to your friend, so it were pity you should not consider enough to act the same to yourself. I think you do: and all you say that concerns your private affairs, is justly and wisely weighed; so let that rest. I acknowledge the same of the distinct paper which touches more nearly my sore; perhaps I ought to do it with some shame and confusion of face; and perhaps I do so, doctor, but my weakness is invincible, which makes me, as you phrase it, excellently possess past calamities: but he who took upon him our nature, felt our infirmities, and does pity us; and I shall receive of his fulness at the end of days, which I will silently wait for.

If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock in the night I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montague-house was on fire; and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling

the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bedfellow very willingly, lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapped in a blanket. Lady Devonshire* came towards morning, and lay here; and had done so still, but for a second ill accident: her brother, lord Arran†, who has been ill of a fever twelve days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared, so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset-house, where the queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family; and that he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family.

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon! O I could heartily cry out, "When will longed-for eternity come!" but our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the chancellor‡ since the refusal to seal it, and his answer

* Mary, daughter to James Butler, duke of Ormond; married to William Cavendish, earl, afterwards duke of Devonshire.

† He died January 26, 1685-6.

‡ George lord Jeffries, baron of Wem, very inveterate against lord Russell: he was, says Burnet, scandalously vicious, drunk every day, and furiously passionate, and, when lord chief justice, he even betrayed the decencies of his post, by not affecting to appear impartial, as became a judge, and by running upon all occasions into noisy declamations. He died in the Tower, April 18, 1689.

does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language, so in that respect we may not so soon despair *.

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to be about my son. One brought me six prayer books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him and asked him if there was no mistake? He said, No. And after some other questions I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do assure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise: but, as I told you, I shall ever take lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so do you I believe. My lord is afraid, if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman, so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who shall learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows.

I have still a charge with me, lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come into my chamber; so must break off. I am, sir, truly your faithful servant.

The young lady tells me lord Arran is not dead, but rather better.

* Doctor, afterwards bishop Beveridge, objected to the reading the brief in the cathedral of Canterbury, as contrary to the rubric. Tillotson replied, "Doctor, doctor, charity is above rubrics."

LETTER XI.

DEAN TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

Honoured Madam,

I RECEIVED both your letters, and before the latter came to my hands, I gave your ladyship some kind of answer to the first, as the time would let me, for the post staid for it. But having now a little more leisure, you will, I hope, give me leave to trouble you with a longer letter.

I was not at Hampton Court last Sunday, being almost tired out with ten weeks' attendance, so that I have had no opportunity to try further in the business I wrote of in my last, but hope to bring it to some issue the next opportunity I can get to speak with the king. I am sorry to see in Mr. Johnson* so broad a mixture of human frailty,

* In a paper to justify lord Russell's opinion, "That resistance may be used in case our religion and rights should be invaded," as an answer to the dean's letter to his lordship of 20th July 1683, Johnson observes, that this opinion could not be wrested from his lordship at his death, notwithstanding the disadvantages at which he was taken, when he was practised upon to retract that opinion, and to bequeath a legacy of slavery to his country; and indeed the dean was so apprehensive of lady Russell's displeasure at his pressing his lordship, though with the best intentions upon that subject, that when he was first admitted to her after her lord's death, he is said to have addressed her in this manner, "That he first thanked God, and than her ladyship, for that opportunity of justifying himself to her;" and they soon returned to the terms of a cordial and unreserved friendship. Mr. Johnson wrote Julian the Apostate to prove

with so considerable virtues. But when I look into myself, I must think it pretty well, when any man's infirmities are in any measure overbalanced by his better qualities. This good man I am speaking of has at some times not used me overwell; for which I do not only forgive him, when I consider for whose sake he did it, but do heartily love him.

The king, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker*, whose modesty is equal to its merit, hath made him bishop of Londonderry, one of the best bishoprics in Ireland; that so he may receive the

the legality of resistance, and an address to king James II.'s army; he was fined, imprisoned, pilloried, and whipped, after being degraded. The Revolution restored him to his liberty; the judgment against him in 1686 was declared illegal and cruel, and his degradation null; and the house of lords recommended him to king William. He died 1703. He refused the rich deanery of Durham.

* Mr. George Walker, justly famous for his defence of Londonderry, in Ireland (when Lunde the governor would have surrendered it to king James II.) was born of English parents in the county of Tyrone in that kingdom, and educated in the university of Glasgow in Scotland; he was afterwards rector of Donoughmore, not many miles from the city of Londonderry. Upon the Revolution, he raised a regiment for the defence of the protestants; and upon intelligence of king James having a design to besiege Londonderry, retired thither, being at last chosen governor of it After the raising of that siege, he came to England, where he was most graciously received by their majesties; and on the 19th of Nov. 1689, received the thanks of the house of commons, having just before published an account of that siege, and a present of 5000*l*. He was created D. D. by the university of Oxford on the 26th Feb. 1689-90, in his return to Ireland, where he was killed the beginning of July 1690, at the passage of the Boyne, having resolved to serve that campaign before he took possession of his bishopric.

reward of that great service in the place where he did it. It is incredible how much every body is pleased with what the king hath done in this matter, and it is no small joy to me to see that God directs him to do so wisely.

I will now give your ladyship a short account of his majesty's disposal of our English church preferments, which I think he has done as well as could be expected, in the midst of the powerful importunities of so many great men, in whom I discern too much of court art and contrivance for the preferment of their friends; yea, even in my good lord Nottingham, more than I could wish. This is a melancholy consideration to one in my situation, in which I do not see how it is possible so to manage a man's self between civility and sincerity, between being willing to give good words to all, and able to do good to very few, as to hold out an honest man, or even the reputation of being so, a year to an end.

I promised a short account, but I am long before I come to it. The dean of St. Paul's, the bishop of Worcester*; the dean of Peterborought, of Chichester. An humble servant of yours, dean of St. Paul's. The dean of Norwich‡ is dean of Canterbury; and Dr. Stanley, clerk of his majesty's closet, is residentiary of St. Paul's, and Dr. Fairfax, dean of Norwich. The warden of All Souls§ in Oxford, is prebendary of Canter-

* Dr. Stillingfleet. † Dr. St. Patrick.
‡ Dr. John Sharp.
§ Leopold William Finch, fifth son of Heneage, earl of Winshilsea.

bury; and Mr. Nixon hath the other prebend there, void by the death of Dr. Jeffreys. These two last merited of the king in the west. Mr. Finch by going in early to him, and Mr. Nixon, who is my lord of Bath's chaplain, by carrying messages between the king and my lord of Bath, as the king himself told me, with the hazard of his life. St. Andrew's and Covent-garden are not yet disposed. Dr. Birch (which I had almost forgot) is prebendary of Westminster: and, which grieves me much Mons. Alix put by at present; but my lord privy seal* would not be denied. The whole is as well as could easily be in the present circumstances.

But now begins my trouble. After I had kissed the king's hand for the deanery of St. Paul's, I gave his majesty my most humble thanks, and told him, that now he had set me at ease for the remainder of my life. He replied; "No such matter, I assure you;" and spoke plainly about a great place, which I dread to think of, and said, "It was necessary for his service, and he must charge it upon my conscience." Just as he had said this, he was called to supper, and I had only time to say, that when his majesty was at leisure, I did believe I could satisfy him that it would be most for his service, that I should continue in the station in which he had now placed me. This hath brought me into a real difficulty. For on the one hand it is hard to decline his majesty's commands, and much harder yet to stand out against so much goodness, as his majesty is pleased to use towards me. On the other, I can neither bring my incli-

* Marquis of Halifax.

nation nor my judgment to it. This I owe to the bishop of Salisbury, one of the worst and best friends I know: best, for his singular good opinion of me: and the worst, for directing the king to this method, which I know he did: as if his lordship and I had concerted the matter how to finish this foolish piece of dissimulation, in running away from a bishopric* to catch an archbishopric. This fine device hath thrown me so far into the briars, that, without his majesty's great goodness, I shall never get off without a scratched face. And now I will tell your ladyship the bottom of my heart. I have of a long time, I thank God for it, devoted myself to the public service without any regard for myself; and to that end have done the best I could in the best manner I was able. Of late God hath been pleased by very severe wayst, but in great goodness to me, to wean

* Tillotson wrote before to a nobleman (supposed the earl of Portland) begging he might be excused from accepting a bishopric. Birch remarks, instances of this kind of self denial will perhaps be thought rare in any age; but there was a remarkable one under Henry VIII. of another dean of Canterbury, well known by his embassies and public negociations, Dr. Nicholas Wotton, great uncle of sir Henry Wotton: this great politician, as well as divine, being informed of an intention to advance him to the mitre, wrote to Doctor Bellaris from Dusseldorp, Nov. 11th, 1539, requesting him, for the passion of God, to convey that bishopric from him. So I might (adds he) avoid it without displeasure, I would surely never meddle with it; there be enough that be meet for it, and will not refuse it. I cannot marvel enough, *cur obtrudatur non cupienti immo ne idoneo quidem.* My mind is as troubled as my writing is. Your's to his little power, Nicholas Wotton; add whatsoever you will more to it, if you add not bishop.

† The loss of his children, and having been seized with an apoplectic disorder.

me perfectly from the love of this world; so that worldly greatness is now not only undesirable, but distasteful to me. And I do verily believe, that I shall be able to do as much or more good in my present station than in a higher, and shall not have one jot less interest or influence upon any others to any good purpose; for the people naturally love a man that will take great pains and little preferment. But, on the other hand, if I could force my inclination to take this great place, I foresee that I should sink under it, and grow melancholy and good for nothing, and after a little while die as a fool dies.

But this, madam, is a great deal too much, upon one of the worst and nicest subjects in the world, a man's self.

As I was finishing this long letter, which if your goodness will forgive I hope never to have occasion to try it so far again, I received your letter, and shall say no more of Dr. More, of whose preaching I always knew your ladyship's opinion. The person I mentioned was Mr. Kidder, on whom the king has bestowed the deanery of Peterborough, and therefore cannot have it. I am fully of your ladyship's opinion, that what my lord Bedford does in this matter must not appear to be done by him, for fear of bringing other importunities upon the king. If my lord thinks well of Dr. Horneck, Dr. More would then certainly have St. Andrew's.

I thank God for the health your family enjoys, as for that of my own; and equally pray for the continuance of it, and all other blessings. I would fain find room to tender my humble service to my lord Bedford, my lord Russell, and two of the best

young ladies I know. I am, honoured madam, more than I can express, your most obliged and obedient servant.

LETTER XII.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

September 1689.

WHENEVER, Mr. Dean, you are disposed, and at leisure to give it me, I can be well content, I assure you, to read the longest letter you can write. But I had not so soon told you a truth you cannot choose but know, if this paper was not to be hastened to you with a little errand that I am well enough pleased to be employed in; because the effect will be good, though the cause does not please me: being you said Mr. Kidder* cannot have Covent-garden, because he is dean of Peterborough (though I do not conceive why, unless it is because he is great and others are not.) But lord Bedford leans strongly to offer him to the king: it is from what you said to me has made him do so. Yet if you judge he should not now be the man, I am enjoined to obtain from you some character of one Mr. Freeman†, and Mr. Wil-

* Richard Kidder, afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells (in Kenn's stead, 1691), was killed with his lady at Wells, by the fall of a stack of chimneys during the high wind, 27th Nov. 1703.

† Dr. Freeman died dean of Peterborough, 1707.

liams *: the last I have heard you speak well of but I did not heed his just character. What you think fit to say to me shall not be imparted but in general terms, if you like that best; though lord Bedford is as close as can be desired, and as well inclined as possible to do the best, and will have me say something of these men before he fixes, which my lord Shrewsbury advises him to do quickly.

More † he is averse to; Horneck ‡ the parish is also, as he is well informed, to a high degree. So Kidder, Williams, and Freeman, are before him. I desire two or three lines upon this subject, by the first post if you please.

Though my paper is full enough, especially to a man that has no more spare time than you have, yet I must just touch upon some other parts of your letter, being they touch me most sensibly. I bless God that inclines the heart of our king to do well; it looks as if God meant a full mercy to these long threatened kingdoms. I thank Mr. Dean very heartily for those thoughts that influence and heighten his charity to Mr. J——n. I will not say that I do more, but you must needs know. Mr. Dean, now a few words to your own concern, that bears so heavy upon your mind, and I have done. I know not if I should use the phrase, "Integrity is my idol," but I am sure I admire and love it hugely wherever I meet it. I would never have a sincere passion crossed. I do

* Williams, afterwards bishop of Chichester, died 1709.
† More died bishop of Ely, 1714.
‡ Horneck died prebendary of Westminster, 1696-7.

pity you, Mr. Dean, and think you have a hard game upon your hands, which, if it should happen you cannot play off your own way, you can do better than a man less mortified to the world could; being if you serve the interest of religion and the king's, you are doing what you have dedicated yourself to, and therefore can be more regardless of the ignorant or wicked censurer; for, upon my word, I believe you will incur no other: your character is above it, if what you fear should come upon you. But as I conceive there are six months yet to deliberate upon this matter, you know the old saying, "Many things fall out between the cup and the lip:" and pray do not fill your head with the fears of a trouble, though never so great, that is at a distance, and may never be; for if you think too much on a matter you dread, it will certainly disturb your quiet, and that will infallibly your health, and you cannot but see, sir, that would be of a bad consequence. The king is willing to hear you. You know your own heart to do good, and you have lived some time, and have had experience. You say well that such an one is the best and worst friend. I think I should have had more tenderness to the will or temper of my friend: and for his justification, one may say, he prefers good to many, before gratifying one single person, and a public good ought to carry a man a great way. But I see your judgment (if your inclination does not bias too far) is heartily against him in this matter, that you think you cannot do so much good then as now. We must see if you can convince him thereof; and when he is master of that notion, then let him labour to make

your way out of those briars, he has done his part to bring you into; though something else would have done it without him, I believe, if I am not mistaken in this, no more than I am that this letter is much too long, from, &c.

LETTER XIII.

DEAN TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

HON. MADAM, *Edmonton, Sept.* 24, 1689.

JUST now I received your ladyship's letter. Since my last, and not before, I understand the great averseness of the parish from Dr. Horneck: so that if my lord of Bedford had liked him, I could not have thought it fit, knowing how necessary it is to the good effect of a man's ministry, that he do not lie under any great prejudice with the people. The two whom the bishop of Chichester hath named, are, I think, of the worthiest of the city ministers, since Mr. Kidder declines it, for the reason given by the bishop, and, if he did not, could not have it; not because of any inconsistency in the preferments, but because the king, having so many obligations yet to answer, cannot at the same time give two such preferments to one man. For the persons mentioned, if comparison must be made between two very good men, I will tell your ladyship my free thoughts of them.

Mr. Williams is really one of the best men I know, and most unwearied in doing good, and his preaching very weighty and judicious. The other

is a truly pious man, and of a winning conversation. He preaches well, and hath much the more plausible delivery, and, I think, a stronger voice. Both of them (which I had almost forgot) have been steady in all changes of times. This is the plain truth; and yet I must not conceal one particular and present advantage on Dr. Freeman's side. On Sunday night last the king asked me concerning a city minister, whose name he had forgot; but said, he had a very kind remembrance of him, having had much conversation with him, when his majesty was very young in Holland, and wondered he had never seen him since he came into England.

I could not imagine who he should be, till his majesty told me he was the English ambassador's chaplain above twenty years ago; meaning sir William Temple's. Upon that I knew it was Dr. Freeman. The king said, that was his name, and desired me to find him out, and tell him that he had not forgot him, but remembered with pleasure the acquaintance he had with him many years ago; and had charged me, when there was an opportunity, to put him in mind of him. This I thought both great goodness in the king, and modesty in Dr. Freeman* never to shew himself to the king all this while. By this your ladyship will judge who is like to be most acceptable to the king, whose satisfaction, as well as service, I am obliged to regard, especially in the disposal of his own preferments, though Mr. Williams be much more my friend.

* Dr. Freeman was instituted to the rectory of Covent-garden, Dec. 25 1689.

I mentioned Mr. Johnson again, but his majesty put on other discourse, and my lord privy seal told me yesterday morning, that the king thought it a little hard to give pensions out of his purse, instead of church preferments; and tells me Mr. Johnson is very sharp upon me. His lordship called it railing, but it shall not move me in the least. His lordship asked me, whether it would not be well to move the king to give him a good bishopric in Ireland, there being several void. I thought it very well, if it would be acceptable. His lordship said, that was all one; the offer would stop many mouths as well as his; which, I think, was well considered.

I will say no more of myself, but only thank your ladyship for your good advice, which I have always a great disposition to follow, and a great deal of reason, being assured it is sincere as well as wise. The king hath set upon me again, with greater earnestness of persuasion than is fit for one that may command. I begged as earnestly to be considered in this thing, and so we parted upon good terms. I hope something will happen to hinder it. I put it out of my mind as much as I can, and leave it to the good providence of God for the thing to find its own issue. To that I commend you and yours, and am, madam, yours, by all possible obligations.

If Mr. Johnson refuse this offer, and it should be my hard fortune not to be able to get out of this difficulty, which I will, if it be possible to do it without provocation, I know one that will do more for Mr. Johnson than was desired of the king,

but still as from the king, for any thing that he shall know. But I hope some much better way will be found, and that there will be neither occasion nor opportunity for this*.

LETTER XIV.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY SUNDERLAND.

I THINK I understand almost less than any body, yet I knew better things than to be weary of receiving what is so good as my lady Sunderland's letters: or not to have a due regard of what is so valuable as her esteem and kindness, with her promises to enjoy it my whole life. Truly, madam, I can find no fault but one, and that is constantly in all the favours you direct to me, an unfortunate useless creature in the world, yet your lordship owns me as one had been of some service to you. Alas! I know I was not, but my intention was pure; I pitied your sorrow, I was hearty in wishing you ease, and if I had an occasion for it I could be diligent, but no further ability; and you are very good to receive it kindly. But, so unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I aim at any thing of that kind any more. Yet I hope I have at last learned to make the will of God, when declared, the rule of my content, and to thank him

* The king granted Johnson 300*l.* a-year for his own and his son's life, with 1000*l.* in money, and a place of 100*l.* a year for his son.

for all the hard things I suffer, as the best assurances of a large share in that other blessed state; and if what is dear to us is got thither before us, the sense what they enjoy, and we in a little while shall with them, ought to support us and our friends.

LETTER XV.

DEAN TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

HON. MADAM, *Edmonton, Oct. 9, 1690.*

SINCE I had the honour of your letter, I was tempted to have troubled you with one of mine upon the sad occasion of your late great loss of two so near relations, and so near together*. But I considered, why should I pretend to be able either to instruct or comfort my lady Russell, who hath borne things much more grievous with so exemplary a meekness and submission to the will of God, and knows, as well as I can tell her, that there is no remedy in these cases but patience, nor any comfort but in the hopes of the happy meeting of our deceased friends in a better life, in which sorrow and tears shall have no more place to all eternity!

And now I crave leave to impart something of my own trouble to your ladyship. On Sunday last the king commanded me to wait upon him the next morning at Kensington. I did so and met

* The death of her sister, the countess of Montague, and of her nephew, Wriothesly Baptist, earl of Gainsborough.

with what I feared. His majesty renewed his former gracious offer, in so pressing a manner, and with so much kindness, that I hardly knew how to resist it. I made the best acknowledgments I could of his undeserved grace and favour to me, and begged of him to consider all the consequences of this matter, being well assured, that all that storm which was raised in convocation the last year by those who will be the church of England was upon my account, and that the bishop of L———was at the bottom of it, out of a jealousy that I might be a hindrance to him in attaining what he desires, and what I call God to witness, I would not have. And I told his majesty, that I was still afraid that his kindness to me would be greatly to his prejudice, especially if he carried it so far as he was then pleased to speak. For I plainly saw they could not bear it; and that the effects of envy and ill-will towards me would terminate upon him. To which he replied, that if the thing were once done, and they saw no remedy, they would give over, and think of making the best of it; and therefore he must desire me to think seriously of it; with other expressions not fit for me to repeat. To all which I answered, that in obedience to his majesty's commands I would consider of it again, though I was afraid I had already thought more of it than had done me good, and must break through one of the greatest resolutions of my life, and sacrifice at once all the ease and contentment of it; which yet I would force myself to do, were I really convinced that I was in any measure capable of doing his majesty and the public that service which he was pleased

to think I was. He smiled and said, "You talk of trouble; I believe you will have much more ease in it than in the condition in which you now are." Thinking not fit to say more, I humbly took leave.

And now, madam, what shall I do? My thoughts were never at such a plunge. I know not how to bring my mind to it; and, on the other hand, though the comparison is very unequal, when I remember how I saw the king affected in the case of my lord of Shrewsbury*, I find myself in great strait, and would not for all the world give him the like trouble. I pray God to direct me to that which he sees and knows to be best, for I know not what to do. I hope I shall have your prayers, and would be glad of your advice, if the king would spare me so long. I pray God to preserve you and yours. I am, honoured madam, &c.

LETTER XVI.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

[*About the middle of October* 1690.]

YOUR letters will never trouble me, Mr. Dean; on the contrary, they are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, over-burdened mind, which, both by nature and by accident, is made so weak, that I cannot bear, with that constancy I should, the losses I have lately felt; I can

* When the earl resigned the post of secretary of state about 1690; to divert him from which dean Tillotson had been sent to his lordship by the king.

say, Friends and acquaintances, thou hast hid out of my sight, but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. These were young, and as they had began their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are those whom God retires in his grace; I trust these were so; and then no age can be amiss; to the young it is not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer is all we know that we can do towards our own relief in our distress, or disarm God's anger, either in our public or private concerns. The scene will soon alter to that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this time of our pilgrimage, vicissitudes of all sorts is every one's lot. And this leads me to your case, sir.

The time seems to be come that you must put anew in practice that submission*, you have so powerfully both tried yourself, and instructed others to. I see no place to escape at; you must take up the cross and bear it: I faithfully believe it has the figure of a very heavy one to you, though not from the cares of it; since, if the king guesses right, you toil more now. But this work is of your own choosing, and the dignity of the other is what you have bent your mind against, and the strong resolve of your life has been to avoid it. Had this even proceeded to a vow, it is, I think, like the virgin's of old, to be dissolved by the father of your country. Again, though contemplation, and a few friends well chosen, would be your grateful choice,

* Submission alludes to Tillotson's letter to lord Russell against resistance. A shrewd hint of the dean's endeavours to persuade lord Russell to submit to the doctrine of passive obedience.

yet, if charity, obedience, and necessity, call you into the great world, and where enemies compass round about, must not you accept it? And each of these, in my mean apprehension, determines you to do it. In short, it will be a noble sacrifice you will make; and I am confident you will find as a reward, kind and tender supports, if you do take the burthen upon you: there is, as it were, a commanding Providence in the manner of it. Perhaps I do as sincerely wish your thoughts at ease as any friend you have, but I think you may purchase that too dear; and if you should come to think so too, they would then be as restless as before.

Sir, I believe you would be as much a common good as you can: consider how few of ability and integrity this age produces. Pray do not turn this matter too much in your head; when one has once turned it every way, you know that more does but perplex, and one never sees the clearer for it. Be not stiff if it be still urged to you. Conform to the Divine Will, which has set it so strongly into the other's mind, and be content to endure; it is God calls you to it. I believe it was wisely said, that when there is no remedy they will give over, and make the best of it, and so I hope no ill will terminate on the king; and they will lay up their arrows, when they perceive they are shot in vain at him or you, upon whom no reflection that I can think of can be made that is ingenious; and what is pure malice you are above being affected with.

I wish, for many reasons, my prayers were more worthy; but such as they are, I offer them with a

sincere zeal to the throne of Grace for you, in this strait, that you may be led out of it, as shall best serve the great ends and designs of God's glory.

LETTER XVII.

LADY RUSSELL to —— (SUPPOSED THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.)

16*th October*, 1690.

I HAVE, my lord, so upright an heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have had no doubt, but that one I so distinguish in that little number God has left me, does join with me to lament my late losses: the one was a just sincere man, and the only son of a sister and a friend I loved with too much passion: the other my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly.

It pleases me to think that she deserves to be remembered by all those who knew her. But after above forty years acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present imbittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when any thing below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low. The world does not want me,

nor I want that: my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot; and such pleasures in educating my young folks as surmount the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here, than they or I be rejected in that other blessed peaceful home to all ages, to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be bore than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old: but methinks it is a violence upon nature.

A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts. Yet I hope I master all murmurings: if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied, that whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done and shall do will be best, and justify both his justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle: but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and

have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However, it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD CAVENDISH.

29th October, 1690.

THOUGH I know my letters do lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck: I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons both very near and dear to me had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say,

that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world, without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended, before we think we have gone half way; and that an happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it. Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY ——— (SUPPOSED ARLINGTON*.)

10*th October*, 1691.

My dear sister, I have not yet had resolution to speak to you this way, nor know I now what to say. Your misfortune is too big to hope that any thing I offer can allay the present rage of your sorrow. I pray for you, and I pity you, which is all I can do: and that I do most feelingly, not knowing how soon your case may be mine: and I want from you what I would most willingly furnish you with, some consolation and truce from your extreme lamentation.

I hope that by this time your reason begins to get a power over your wasted spirits, and that you will let nature relieve herself. She will do it, if

* On the death of one of her daughters.

you do not obstruct her. There is a time and period for all things here. Nature will first prevail, but as soon as we can we must think what is our duty, and pursue it as well as we are able. I beseech God to teach you to submit to this unlooked-for, and to appearance sadly severe providence, and endue you with a quiet spirit, to wait for the day of consolation, when joy will be our portion to all eternity: in that day we shall meet again all our pious friends, all that have died in their innocence, and with them live a life of innocence, and purity, and gladness for ever. Fit your thoughts with these undoubted truths, my dear sister, as much and as often as is possible. I know no other cure for such diseases; nor shall we miss one, if we endeavour, with God's grace assisting, which he certainly gives to such as ask. God give you refreshments. I am your, &c.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE SAME TO ————.

18*th October*, 1691.

THE misfortunes of such as one extremely esteems grow our own; so that if my constant sad heart were not so soon touched as it is with deplorable accidents, I should yet feel a great deal of your just mourning, if sharing a calamity could ease you, that burden would be little: for as depraved an age as we live in, there is such a force in virtue and goodness that all the world laments with you;

and yet sure, madam, when we part from what we love most that is excellent, it is our best support that nature, who will be heard first, does suffer reason to take place.

What can relieve so much, as that our friend died after a well-spent life? Some losses are so surprising and so great, one must not break in too soon, and therefore my sense of your calamity confined me to only a solicitous inquiry; and I doubt it is still a mistaken respect to dwell long upon such a subject. I will do no more than sign this truth, that I am your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

MADAM, *Lambeth-house, August 26th, 1693.*

THOUGH nobody rejoices more than myself in the happiness of your ladyship and your children, yet in the hurry in which you must needs have been, I could not think it fit for to give you the disturbance so much as of a letter, which otherwise had, both in friendship and good manners, been due upon this great occasion. But now that busy time is in a good measure over, I cannot forbear after so many as, I am sure, have been before me, to congratulate with your ladyship this happy match of your daughter; for so I heartily pray it may prove, and have great reason to believe it will, because I cannot but look upon it as part of the

comfort and reward of your patience and submission to the will of God, under that sorest and most heavy affliction that could have befallen you, and when God sends and intends a blessing, it shall have no sorrow or evil with it.

I intreat my lord Ross and his lady to accept of my humble service, and my hearty wishes of great and lasting happiness.

My poor wife is at present very ill, which goes very near me: and having said this, I know we shall have your prayers. I entreat you to give my humble service to my lord of Bedford, and my lord of Cavendish and his lady. I could upon several accounts be melancholy, but I will not upon so joyful an occasion. I pray God to preserve and bless your ladyship, and all the good family at Woborne, and to make us all concerned to prepare ourselves with the greatest care for a better life. I am, with all true respect and esteem, madam, your ladyship's most faithful and most humble servant.

LETTER XXII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Lambeth-house, October 13th, 1693.

I HAVE forborn, madam, hitherto even to acknowledge the receipt of your ladyship's letter, and your kind concernment for mine and my wife's health, because I saw how unmerciful you were to your eyes in your last letter to me: so that I

should certainly have repented the provocation I gave you to it by mine, had not so great and good an occasion made it necessary.

I had intended this morning to have sent Mr. Vernon to Woborne, to have inquired of your ladyship's health, having but newly heard, that since your return from Belvoir, a dangerous fever had seized upon you. But yesterday morning, at council, I happily met with Mr. Russell, who, to my great joy, told me that he hoped that danger was over; for which I thank God with all my heart, because I did not know how fatal the event might be, after the care and hurry you had been in, and in so sickly a season.

The king's return is now only hindered by contrary winds. I pray God to send him safe to us, and to direct him what to do when he is come. I was never so much at my wit's end concerning the public. God only can bring us out of the labyrinth we are in, and I trust he will.

My wife gives her most humble service and thanks to you for your concernment for her, and does rejoice equally with me for the good news of your recovery.

Never since I knew the world had I so much reason to value my friends. In the condition I now am I can have no new ones, or, if I could, I can have no assurance that they are so. I could not at a distance believe that the upper end of the world was so hollow as I find it. I except a very few, of whom I can believe no ill till I plainly see it.

I have ever earnestly coveted your letters; but now I do as earnestly beg of you to spare them

for my sake, as well as your own. With my very humble service to my good lord of Bedford, and to all yours, and my hearty prayers to God for you all, I remain, madam, your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant *.

LETTER XXIII.

LADY RUSSELL TO KING WILLIAM.

SIR,

I RATHER choose to trouble your majesty with a letter, than be wanting in my duty, in the most submissive manner imaginable, to acknowledge the honour and favour I am told your majesty designs for lord Rutland and his family, in which I am so much interested.

It is an act of great goodness, sir, in you; and the generous manner you have been pleased to

* The archbishop's correspondence with lady Russell had been interrupted on her part for many months, by the disorder in her eyes increasing to such a degree, that she was obliged, on the 27th of June 1694, to submit to the operation of couching. Upon this occasion his grace drew up a prayer two days after, in which he touched upon the death of her husband, "whom the holy and righteous Providence," says he, "permitted [under a colour of law and justice] to be [unjustly] cut off from the land of the living." But over the words between the brackets, after the first writing he drew a line, as intending to erase them, probably from a reflection that they might be too strong, or less suitable to a prayer. June 28th he wrote to the bishop of Salisbury, "I cannot forbear to tell you, that my lady Russell's eye was couched yesterday morning with very good success; God be praised for it."

promise it in, makes the honour, if possible, greater. As you will lay an eternal obligation on that family, be pleased to allow me to answer for all those I am related to; they will look on themselves equally honoured with lord Rutland by your favour to his family, and I am sure will express their acknowledgments to your majesty in the most dutiful manner, to the best of their services; in which I earnestly desire my son Bedford may exceed, as he has been first and early honoured with the marks of your favour. And I hope I may live to see your majesty has bestowed one more upon him, who appears to me to have no other ambition, except what he prefers above all others, making himself acceptable to your majesty, and living in your good opinion.

I presume to say, I believe there is no fault in his intentions of duty towards your majesty, nor, I trust, ever will be: and that as his years increase, his performances will better declare the faithfulness of his mind, which will hugely enlarge the comforts of your majesty's most humble, most dutiful, and most obedient servant.

N.B. *Lady Russell's indorsement on the foregoing letter is in these words:*

To the king, 1701-2, about 1st of March, and found in his pocket when dead.

LETTER XXIV.

LADY RUSSELL TO ROUVIGNY, EARL OF GALWAY.

I HAVE before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant), are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being, who has from infinite bounty and goodness so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I have felt many, I may say many years of pure, and I trust innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected: on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words:

> All we know they do above
> Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

The queen has appointed twelfth-day for a drawing-room, and several tables for play, but there was none till yesterday, and how that passed I know not.

I heard a lady say yesterday, that the ambassador had turned away four servants for selling wine by bottles, and that she had tasted his Burgundy, which was very good *.

LETTER XXV.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, *London, 28th March*, 1693.

YOUR silence had spared me a great deal of fear and uneasiness, by concealing from me your sickness till it was well over, is abundantly made amends for, by the joy it brings me in the news of your recovery. You have given me those marks of your kindness to me, that you will not think it strange that I count you amongst my friends; and with those desiring to live with the ease and freedom of a perfect confidence, I never accuse them to myself of neglect or coldness when I fail to hear from them so soon as I expected or desired; though had I known you so well before as I do now, since your last letter, I should not have avoided being in pain upon account of your health.

I cannot at all doubt the sincerity of any thing you say to me; but yet give me leave to think,

* The conclusion and date lost.

that it is an excess of kindness alone could excuse it from looking like compliment. But I am convinced you love your friends extremely, where you have made choice of them, and then believe you can never think nor speak too well of them. I know not whether it belongs to a man who gets once in print, to read in his book that it is perfect, and that the author is infallible. Had I had such an opinion of my own sufficiency before I writ, my essay would have brought me to another, and given me such a sight of the weakness of my understanding, that I could not fail to suspect myself of error and mistake in many things I had writ, and to desire all the light I could get from others to set me right. I have found you one of the likeliest to afford it me; your clearness and candour gave me the confidence to ask your judgment; and I take it for no small assurance of your friendship that you have given it me, and have condescended to advise me of the printer's faults, which gives me hopes you have not concealed any you have observed in the work itself. The marginal summaries you desire of the paragraphs, I shall take care to have added, were it only for your sake; but I think too it will make the book the more useful.

That request of yours you press so earnestly upon me, makes me bemoan the distance you are from me, which deprives me of the assistance I might have from your opinion and judgment, before I ventured any thing into the public. It is so hard to find impartial freedom in one's friends, or an unbiassed judgment any where, amongst all the helps of conversation and acquaintance. I know none more wanted, nor more useful than speaking freely and candidly one's opinion upon

the thoughts and compositions of another intended for the press. Experience has taught me that you are a friend of this rank, and therefore I cannot but heartily wish that a sea between us did not hinder me from the advantage of this good office. Had you been within reach, I should have begged your severe examination of what is now gone to the printer at your instance; I had rather I could have said upon your perusal, and with your correction. I am not in my nature a lover of novelty nor contradiction; but my notions in this treatise have run me so far out of the common road and practice, that I could have been glad to have had them allowed by so sober a judgment as yours, or stopped, if they had appeared impracticable or extravagant, from going any farther. That which your brother tells you on this occasion is not wholly besides the matter. The main of what I now publish is but what was contained in several letters to a friend of mine, the greatest part whereof were writ out of Holland. How your brother came to know of it I have clearly forgot, and do not remember that ever I communicated it to any body there. These letters, or at least some of them, have been seen by some of my acquaintance here, who would needs persuade me it would be of use to publish them; your impatience to see them has not, I assure you, slackened my hand, or kept me in suspense; and I wish now they were out, that you might the sooner see them, and the sooner have your opinion of them. I know not yet whether I shall set my name to this discourse, and therefore shall desire you to conceal it. You see I make you my confessor, for you have made yourself my friend.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. MOLYNEUX TO MR. LOCKE.

SIR, *Dublin, April 18th*, 1693.

I HAVE lately received farther testimonies of your kindness and friendship to me in your last, of March 28th, which brings withal the welcome news of your having committed your work "Of Education" to the press; than which I know not any thing that I ever expected with a more earnest desire. What my brother told me relating to that treatise he had from yourself in Holland; but, perhaps, you might have forgot what passed between you on that occasion. I perceive you fear the novelty of some notions therein may seem extravagant; but, if I may venture to judge of the author, I fear no such things from him. I doubt not but the work will be new and peculiar, as his other performances; and this it is that renders them estimable and pleasant. He that travels the beaten roads may chance indeed to have company; but he that takes his liberty, and manages it with judgment, is the man that makes useful discoveries, and most beneficial to those that follow him. Had Columbus never ventured farther than his predecessors, we had yet been ignorant of a vast part of our earth, preferable (as some say) to all the other three. And if none may be allowed to try the ocean of philosophy farther than our ancestors, we shall have but little advancements or discoveries made in the *mundus intellectualis*; wherein, I believe, there is much more unknown than what we have yet found out.

LETTER XXVII.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, *Oates, 23d August, 1693.*

YOURS of August 12th, which I received last night, eased me of a great deal of pain your silence had for some time put me in; for you must allow me to be concerned for your health as for a friend that I could not think in danger, or a disease, without a concern and trouble, suitable to that great esteem and love I have for you. But you have made me amends plentifully by the length and kindness, and let me add too, the freedom of your letter. For the approbation you so largely give to my book is the more welcome to me, and gives me the better opinion of my method, because it has joined with it your exception to one rule of it; which I am apt to think you yourself, upon second thoughts, will have removed, before I say any thing to your objections. It confirms to me that you are the good-natured man I took you for; and I do not at all wonder that the affection of a kind father should startle at it, at first reading, and think it very severe, that children should not be suffered to express their desires; for so you seem to understand me. And such a restraint, you fear, would be apt to mope them and hinder their diversion. But if you please to look upon the place, and observe my drift, you will find that they should not be indulged, or complied with in any thing their conceits have made a want to them, as necessary to be supplied. What you say,

that children would be moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else we must have those about them study nothing all day, but how to find employment for them; and how this would rack the invention of any man living, you leave me to judge; seems to intimate as if you understood that children should do nothing but by the prescription of their parents or tutors, chalking out each action of the whole day in train to them. I hope my words express no such thing, for it is quite contrary to my sense, and I think would be useless tyranny in their governors, and certain ruin to the children. I am so much for recreation, that I would as much as possible have all they do be made so. I think recreation as necessary to them as their food, and that nothing can be recreation which does not delight. This, I think, I have so expressed; and when you have put that together, judge, whether I would not have them have the greatest part of their time left to them without restraint, to divert themselves any way they think best, so it be free from vicious actions, or such as may introduce vicious habits. And therefore, if they should ask to play, it could be no more interpreted a want of fancy, than if they asked for victuals when hungry; though, where the matter is well ordered, they will never need to do that: for when they have either done what their governor thinks enough in any application to what is usually made their business, or are perceived to be tired with it, they should, of course, be dismissed to their innocent diversions, without ever being put to ask for it. So that I am for the full liberty of diversion as much as you can be; and

upon a second perusal of my book, I do not doubt but you will find me so. But being allowed that, as one of their natural wants, they should not yet be permitted to let loose their desires or importunities for what they fancy. Children are very apt to covet what they see those above them in age have or do, to have or do the like, especially if it be their elder brothers and sisters. Does one go abroad? the other straight has a mind to do it too. Has such an one new or fine clothes, or playthings? they, if you once allow it them, will be impatient for the like, and think themselves ill dealt with if they have it not. This being indulged when they are little, grows up with their age, and with that enlarges itself to things of greater consequence, and has ruined more families in the world than one. This should be suppressed in its very first rise; and the desires you would not have encouraged, you should not permit to be spoken, which is the best way for them to silence them to themselves. Children should, by constant use, learn to be very modest in owning their desires, and careful not to ask any thing of their parents but what they have reason to think their parents will approve of; and a reprimand upon their ill bearing a refusal comes too late, when the fault is committed and allowed; and if you allow them to ask, you can scarce think it strange they should be troubled to be denied: so that you suffer them to engage themselves in the disorder, and think then the fittest time for a cure, and I think the sure and easiest way is prevention. For we must take the same nature to be in children that is in grown men; and how often do we find men

take ill to be denied what they would not have been concerned for if they had not asked? But I shall not enlarge any further in this, believing you and I shall agree in the matter; and indeed it is very hard, and almost impossible, to give general rules of education, when there is scarce any one child which in some cases should not be treated differently from another. All that we can do in general, is only to show what parents and tutors should aim at, and leave to them the ordering of particular circumstances, as the case shall require.

One thing give me leave to be importunate with you about: you say your son is not very strong; to make him strong you must use him hardily, as I have directed; but you must be sure to do it by very insensible degrees, and begin an hardship you would bring him to only in the spring. This is all the caution needs be used. I have an example of it in the house I live in, where the only son of a very tender mother was almost destroyed by a too tender keeping. He is now, by a contrary usage, come to bear wind and weather, and wet in his feet: and the cough, which threatened him under that warm and cautious management, has left him, and is now no longer his parents' constant apprehensions, as it was.

I am of your mind as to short-hand: I myself learned it since I was a man, but had forgot to put it in when I writ; as I have, I doubt not, overseen a thousand other things which might have been said on this subject. But it was only at first a short scheme for a friend, and is published to excite others to treat it more fully.

I know not whether it would be useful to make a catalogue of authors to be read by a young man, or whether it could be done unless one knew the child's temper, and what he was designed to.

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. MOLYNEUX TO MR. LOCKE.

SIR, *Dublin, June* 2, 1694.

I AM highly obliged to you for the favour of your last, of May 26th, which I received yesterday. It brought me the welcome news of the second edition of your Essay being published; and that you have favoured me with a copy, which I shall expect with some impatience; and, when I have perused it, I shall, with all freedom, give you my thoughts of it.

And now that you have cleared your hands of your second edition, I hope you may have leisure to turn your thoughts to the subject I have so often proposed to you; but this, you will say, is a cruelty in me, that no sooner you are rid of one trouble but I set you on another. Truly, sir, were I sensible it could be a trouble to you, I should hardly presume so far on your goodness; but I know those things are so easy and natural to your mind that they give you no pain in the production. And I know also, such is your universal love of mankind, that you count nothing troublesome that tends to their good, in a matter of so great concernment as morality.

I have formerly told you what care I proposed

to take in the education of my only child. I must now beg your pardon if I trouble you in a matter wherein I shall be at a loss without your assistance. He is now five years old, of a most towardly and promising disposition; bred exactly, as far as his age permits, to the rules you prescribe, I mean as to forming his mind and mastering his passions. He reads very well, and I think it time now to put him forward to some other learning. In order to this, I shall want a tutor for him, and indeed this place can hardly afford me one to my mind. If, therefore, you know any ingenious man that may be proper for my purpose, you would highly oblige me by procuring him for me. I confess the encouragement I can propose to such a one is but moderate, yet perhaps there may be some found that may not despise it. He should eat at my own table, and have his lodging, washing, firing, and candle-light in my house, in a good handsome apartment; and besides this, I should allow him 20*l. per annum*. His work for this should be only to instruct three or four boys in Latin, and such other learning as you recommend in your book; I say three or four boys, because perhaps I may have a relation's child or two; one, who is my sister's son, I have always, and do intend to keep as a companion to my own son; and of more I am uncertain. But if there be one or two, that will be no great addition to his trouble, considering, that perhaps their parents may recompense that by their gratuities. I mention to you, of the languages, only Latin; but, if I could obtain it, I should be glad he were also master of the French. As to his other qualifications, I shall only say in general, I could wish them

such as you desire in a tutor, to instruct a young gentleman as you propose in your book. I would have him indeed a good man and a good scholar; and I propose very much satisfaction to myself in the conversation of such a one. And because a man may be cautious of leaving his native soil, and coming into a strange country, without some certainty of being acceptable to those that send for him, and of some continuance and settlement, I can say, that I design him to stay with my son to his state of manhood; whether he go into the university, or travel, or whatever other state of life he may take to. And if perhaps on trial for some time, he or I may not like each other, I do promise to bear his charges both to and from me, so that he shall be no loser by his journey.

I beg your answer to this at your leisure; and if any such present, be pleased to let me know of him what particulars you can, as his parentage, education, qualifications, disposition, &c. with what other particulars you please to mention, and accordingly I shall write to you no further about it.

In the meantime, I beseech you to pardon this trouble given you, by, honoured sir, your most affectionate and most obliged humble servant.

LETTER XXIX.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

DEAR SIR, *Oates, 28th March*, 1695.

You will, I fear, think me frozen up with this long winter, or else with a negligence colder than that, having two very obliging letters of yours by me,

the one ever since January, the other February last, I make you no answer to either till thus far in March. The truth is, expecting ever since I received your last letter, an account from London, concerning something I had a mind to put into my letter, and, after writing four times about it, being yet delayed, I can forbear no longer to return you my thanks, and to beg your pardon that I have been so slow in it. If you interpret it right, you will look upon it as the effect of a friendship got past formalities, and that has confidence enough to make bold with you, where it is without neglect of you or prejudice to either. I was not a little rejoiced with the news you sent me, in the first of your letters, of your safe recovery of a fever. Had I known it before the danger was over, that you had been ill, it would have been no small fright and pain to me; for I must assure you, that amongst all the friends your kindness or worth has procured you, there is not any one who values you more than I do, or does more interest himself in all your concerns. This makes me, that though I have a long time extremely desired to see you, and propose to myself an infinite satisfaction in a free conversation with you; yet what you tell me, that you were coming last summer into England to make me a visit, makes me dread the satisfaction of my own wishes. And methinks I ought not to purchase one of the greatest happinesses I can propose to myself at so dear and dangerous a rate. I have received many and great obligations from you before, but they were such as, though I had no title to, I thought I might accept from one whom I love, and therefore was

glad to find kind to me. But when I reflect on the length of the way, and the sea between us, the danger of the one and the fatigue of both, and your no very robust constitution, as I imagine, I cannot consent you should venture so much for my sake. If any harm should happen to you in the journey, I could never forgive it to myself, to be the occasion of so great a loss to the world and myself. And if you should come safe, the greatness of the hazard, and an obligation out of all proportion to what I either ought to receive, or was capable to return, would overwhelm me with shame and hinder my enjoyment. And yet, if I may confess my secret thoughts, there is not any thing which I would not give that some other unavoidable occasion would draw you into England. A rational free-minded man, tied to nothing but truth, is so rare a thing, that I almost worship such a friend; but when friendship is joined to it, and these are brought into a free conversation, where they meet and can be together, what is there can have equal charms? I cannot but exceedingly wish for that happy day when I may see a man I have so often longed to have in my embraces. But yet, though it would endear the gift to receive it from his kindness, I cannot but wish rather that fortune alone would throw him into my arms.

This cold winter has kept me so close a prisoner within doors, that, till yesterday, I have been abroad but once these three months, and that only a mile in a coach. And the inability I am in to breathe London air in cold weather, has hindered me yet from the happiness of waiting on Dr. Ashe; but I hope to get to London before he leaves it,

that I may, to a person whom you have an esteem for, pay some part of the respects I owe you. I had last week the honour of a visit from an ingenious gentleman, a member of your college at Dublin, lately returned from Turkey. He told me he was a kinsman of yours; and, though his other good qualities might have made him welcome any where, he was not, you may be sure, the less welcome to me, for being known and related to you. He seems to me to have been very diligent and curious in making observations while he has been abroad, and more inquisitive than most of our people that go into those parts: and by the discourse I had with him the little time we were together, I promise myself we shall have a more exact account of those parts, in what I hope he intends to publish, than hitherto is extant. Dr. Huntingdon, who was formerly at Aleppo, and is my old acquaintance, and now my neighbour in this country, brought Mr. Smith hither with him from his house: but yet I must acknowledge the favour to you, and desire you to thank him for it, when he returns to Dublin; for the friendship he knew you had for me, was, I take it, the great inducement that made him give himself the trouble of coming six or seven miles in a dirty country.

You do so attack me on every side with your kindness to my book, to me, to my shadow, that I cannot but be ashamed I am not in a capacity to make you any other acknowledgment, but in a very full and deep sense of it. I return you my thanks for the corrections you have sent me, which I will take all the care of I can in the next edition, which my bookseller tells me he thinks will be

this summer: and if any other fall under your observation, I shall desire the continuance of your favour in communicating them.

I must own to you, that I have been solicited from beyond sea to put my Essay into latin; but you guess right, I have not the leisure to do it. It was once translated by a young man in Holland into latin; but he was so little master of the English or latin, tongue, that when it was shewed me, which he did not till he had quite done it, I satisfied him that it would be very little for his credit to publish it, and so that was laid by. Since that, my bookseller was, and had been for some time seeking for a translator, whom he would have treated with to have undertaken it, and have satisfied for his pains: but a little before the coming of your letter he writ me word he had been disappointed, where he expected to have found one who would have done it, and was now at a loss. So that what you call a bold, is not only the kindest, but the most seasonable proposal you could have made. You understand my thoughts as well as I do myself, and can be a fit judge whether the translator has expressed them well in latin or no, and can direct him where to omit or contract any thing, where you think I have been more large than needed. And though in this I know you intend, as you say, some good to the world, yet I cannot but take it as a very particular obligation to myself, and shall not be a little satisfied to have my book go abroad into the world with the strokes of your judicious hand to it; for, as to omitting, adding, altering, transposing any thing in it, I permit it wholly to your judgment. And if there

be any thing in it defective, or which you think may be added with advantage to the design of the whole work, if you will let me know, I shall endeavour to supply that defect the best I can. The chapter of Identity and Diversity, which owes its birth wholly to your putting me upon it, will be an encouragement to you to lay any the like commands upon me. I have had some thoughts myself, that it would not be possibly amiss to add, in lib. iv. cap. 18. something about Enthusiasm, or to make a chapter of it by itself. If you are of the same mind, and that it will not be foreign to the business of my Essay, I promise you before the translator you shall employ shall be got so far, I will send you my thoughts on that subject so that he may put it into the latin edition. I have also examined P. Malebranche's opinion, concerning "Seeing all things in God," and to my own satisfaction laid open the vanity, inconsistency, and unintelligibleness, of that way of explaining human understanding. I have gone almost, but not quite through it, and know not whether I now ever shall finish it, being fully satisfied myself about it. You cannot think how often I regret the distance that is between us; I envy Dublin for what I every day want in London. Were you in my neighbourhood, you would every day be troubled with the proposal of some of my thoughts to you. I find mine generally so much out of the way of the books I meet with, or men led by books, that were I not conscious to myself that I impartially seek truth, I should be discouraged from letting my thoughts loose, which commonly lead me out of the beaten track. How-

ever, I want somebody near me, to whom I could freely communicate them, and without reserve lay them open. I should find security and ease in such a friend as you, were you within distance; for your judgment would confirm and set me at rest, were it approved, and your candour would excuse what your judgment corrected and set me right in. As to your request you now repeat to me, I desire you to believe that there is nothing in your letters which I pass over slightly or without taking notice of; and if I formerly said nothing to it, think it to be, that I thought it the best way of answering a friend whom I was resolved to deny nothing that was in my power. There are some particular obligations that tie me up in the point, and which have drawn on me some displeasure for a time from some of my friends, who made me a somewhat like demand. But I expect to find you more reasonable, and give you this assurance, that you shall be the first that shall be satisfied in that point. I am not forgetful of what you so kindly put me upon. I think nobody ought to live only to eat and drink and count the days he spends idly. The small remainder of a crazy life, I shall, as much as my health will permit, apply to the search of truth, and shall not neglect to propose to myself those that may be most useful. My paper is more than done, and I suppose, you tired; and yet I can scarce give off. I am, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER XXX.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, *Oates, April 26th*, 1695.

You look with the eyes and speak the language of friendship, when you make my life of much more concern to the world than your own. I take it, as it is, for an effect of your kindness, and so shall not accuse you of compliment; the mistakes and over-valuings of good-will being always sincere, even when they exceed what common truth allows. This on my side I must beg you to believe, that my life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your conversation, and, upon twenty occasions, lay my thoughts before you, and have the advantage of your judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose interest, assistance, affection, and opinions too, in fit cases, I can rely on. But, methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant, that I know nobody that would so well fill as yourself; I want one near me to talk freely with, *de quo libet ente;* to propose to, the extravagancies that rise in my mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contain any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a know-

ing judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear thinking head. Men of parts and judgment the world usually gets hold of, and by a great mistake (that their abilities of mind are lost if not employed in the pursuit of wealth and power) engages them in the ways of fortune and interest, which usually leave but little freedom or leisure of thought for pure disinterested truth. And such who give themselves up frankly, and in earnest, to the full latitude of real knowledge, are not everywhere to be met with. Wonder not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my neighbourhood, I should be too happy in a friend of your make, were you within my reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some business would once bring you within distance; and it is a pain to me to think of leaving the world, without the happiness of seeing you.

I do not wonder that a kinsman of yours should magnify civilities that scarce deserve that name; I know not wherein they consisted, but in being glad to see one that was any way related to you, and was himself a very ingenious man; either of those was a title to more than I did or could show him. I am sorry I have not yet had an opportunity to wait on him in London, and I fear he should be gone before I am able to get thither. This long winter and cold spring has hung very heavy upon my lungs, and they are not yet in a case to be ventured in London air, which must be my excuse for not waiting upon him and Dr. Ashe yet.

LETTER XXXI.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

DEAR SIR, *Oates, 2d July*, 1695.

DID I not assure myself that our friendship were grown beyond suspicion of compliment, I should think I should have need to make excuses to you for my long silence; but I know you will credit me, when I tell you it has been neither forgetfulness nor negligence. The specimen of the translation you sent me gave me some reason to apprehend that Mr. Mullart's style would lay too great a burden on your kindness, by often needing the correction of your hand, to make it express my sense with that clearness and easiness which I know you desire. My bookseller therefore having before told me of one who had offered to undertake the translation of my Essay, I have been ever since endeavouring to get from him a specimen, that I might send it you, and have your opinion which is like to do best; and so, if this man had a talent that way, you might be eased of the trouble which your friendship to me, and zeal to the work, I foresee, is likely to lay upon you. But having, the last post, received this account from Mr. Churchill, that the gentleman proposed is in the country, and must have a book sent him down on purpose before we can expect to see any thing from him, and this being all to be managed by a third hand, who is not every day to be met with, I have resolved to lose no more time on that

thought, but, accepting of your kind offer, put that whole matter into your hands, to be ordered as you shall think best, and shall spend no more time in other inquiries, since the gentleman you propose will (as I remember you told me) be about this time at leisure to set himself in earnest to it. There is one thing I would offer which may be of advantage to him and the work too; and that is, that he would constantly and sedulously read Tully, especially his philosophical works, which will insensibly work him into a good latin style. I have heard it reported of bishop Sanderson, that being asked how he came to write latin so well, as appears in the treatises he published in that tongue; he answered, "by ordering his studies so that he read over all Tully's works every year." I leave it to you whether you will think fit to mention this to Mr. Mullart.

The Abridgment of my Essay is quite finished: it is done by a very ingenious man of Oxford, a master of arts, very considerable for his learning and virtue, who has a great many pupils. It is done with the same design you had in view when you mentioned it. He has generally (as far as I could remember) made use of my words: he very civilly sent it me when it was done, and upon looking it over, I guess you will approve of it, and think it well done. It is in Mr. Churchill's hands, and will be printed as soon as the third edition of my Essay, which is now in the press, is printed off.

I am extremely glad to hear that you have found any good effects of my method on your son. I should be glad to know the particulars: for though I have seen the success of it in a child of the lady

in whose house I am (whose mother has taught him latin without knowing it herself when she began), yet I would be glad to have other instances, because some men, who cannot endure any thing should be mended in the world by a new method, object, I hear, that my way of education is impracticable. But this I can assure you, that the child above-mentioned, but nine years old in June last, has learned to read and write very well; is now reading Quintus Curtius with his mother; understands geography and chronology very well, and the Copernican system of our vortex; is able to multiply well and divide a little; and all this without ever having one blow for his book. The third edition is now out; I have ordered Mr. Churchill to send you one of them, which I hope he has done before this. I expect your opinion of the additions, which have much increased the bulk of the book. And though I think all that I have said right, yet you are the man I depend on for a fair and free censure, not inclined either to flatter or quarrel. You know not of what value a knowing man, that is a sincere lover of truth, is, nor how hard to be found; wonder not, therefore, if I place a great part of my happiness in your friendship, and wish every day you were my neighbour; you would then find what use I should make of it. But, not to complain of what cannot be remedied, pray let me have all the advantage I can at this distance. Read the additions and examine them strictly, for I would not willingly mislead the world. Pray let me know whether the doctor, your brother, has any children; when he

has, I count I owe him one of my books of Education.

With my treatise of Education, I believe you will receive another little one concerning Interest and Coinage. It is one of the fatherless children which the world lay at my door; but whoever be the author, I shall be glad to know your opinion of it.

LETTER XXXII.

MR. MOLYNEUX TO MR. LOCKE.

SIR, *Dublin, August* 24, 1695.

I HAVE already so much experience of your method of education, that I long to see your third edition. And since you put me upon it (to whom I can refuse nothing in my power), I will give you a short account of my little boy's progress under it.

He was six years old about the middle of last July. When he was but just turned five he could read perfectly well; and on the globes could have traced out and pointed at all the noted parts, countries and cities of the world, both land and sea: and by five and an half could perform many of the plainest problems on the globe; as the longitude and latitude, the antipodes, the time with them and other countries, &c. and this by way of play and diversion, seldom called to it, never chid nor beaten for it. About the same age he could read any number of figures, not exceeding six places, break it as you please by ciphers or zeros. By the time

he was six he could manage a compass, ruler, and pencil, very prettily, and perform many little geometrical tricks, and advanced to writing and arithmetic; and has been about three months at latin, wherein his tutor observes, as nigh as he can, the method prescribed by you. He can read a gazette, and, in the large maps of Sanson, shews most of the remarkable places as he goes along, and turns to the proper maps. He has been shewn some dogs dissected, and can give some little account of the grand traces of anatomy. And as to the formation of his mind, which you rightly observe to be the most valuable part of education, I do not believe that any child had ever his passions more perfectly at command. He is obedient and observant to the nicest particular, and at the same time sprightly, playful, and active.

But I will say no more; this may be tiresome to others, however pleasing to myself.

LETTER XXXIII.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, *London, 2d July,* 1696.

I CANNOT without great trouble hear of any indisposition of yours; your friendship, which Heaven has bestowed on me, as one of the greatest blessings I can enjoy for the remainder of my life, is what I value at so high a rate, that I cannot consider mysef within danger of losing a person every way so dear to me without very great uneasiness of mind.

Thus far I got, when I sat down to write to you about a month since, as you will see by the date at the top; business, and a little excursion into the country, has hindered me ever since. Were you a man I only cared to talk with out of civility, I should sooner answer your letters; but not contenting myself with such a formal correspondence with you, I cannot find in my heart to begin writing to you till I think I shall have time to talk a great deal, and pour out my mind to a man to whom I make sure I can do it with freedom; his candour and friendship allows that, and I find I know not what pleasure in doing it. I promised myself abundance of pleasure this summer in seeing you here, and the disappointment is one of the most sensible I could have met with in my private concerns; and the occasion that robbed me of that satisfaction frights me. I have, I thank God, now as much health as my constitution will allow me to expect; but yet, if I will think like a reasonable man, the flattery of my summer vigour ought not to make me count beyond the next winter at any time for the future. The last sat so heavy upon me, that it was with difficulty I got through it; and you will not blame me if I have a longing to see and embrace a man I esteem and love so much, before I leave this silly earth; which, when the conveniencies of life are moderately provided for, has nothing of value in it equal to the conversation of a knowing, ingenious, and large-minded friend, who sincerely loves and seeks truth.

Though your colic has done me no small prejudice, yet I am much more angry with it upon the account of those inconveniencies it has made you

suffer. I know you are in skilful, as well as careful hands, under the care of your brother, and it could not be advisable in any one to draw you from them. The colic is so general a name for pains in the lower belly, that I cannot from thence pretend to make any judgment of your case; but it can be no harm to advise you to ask him whether he does not think that the drinking of our Bath waters may be useful to you in your case. I know those waters mightily strengthen those parts.

Your congratulation to me I take as you meant, kindly and seriously, and, it may be, it is what another would rejoice in; but if you will give me leave to whisper truth without vanity, in the ear of a friend, it is a preferment which I shall get nothing by, and I know not whether my country will, though that I shall aim at with all my endeavours.

Riches may be instrumental to so many good purposes, that it is, I think, vanity, rather than religion or philosophy, to pretend to contemn them. But yet they may be purchased too dear. My age and health demand a retreat from bustle and business, and the pursuit of some inquiries I have in my thoughts makes it more desirable than any of those rewards which public employments tempt people with. I think the little I have enough, and do not desire to live higher, or die richer than I am; and therefore you have reason rather to pity the folly, than congratulate the fortune, that engages me in the whirlpool.

LETTER XXXIV.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, *London, 12th September*, 1696.

COULD the painter have made a picture of me capable of your conversation, I should have sat to him with more delight than ever I did any thing in my life. The honour you do me, in giving me thus a place in your house, I look upon as the effect of having a place already in your esteem and affection; and that made me more easily submit to what methought looked too much like vanity in me. Painting was designed to represent the gods, or the great men that stood next to them. But friendship, I see, takes no measure of any thing, but by itself and where it is great and high, will make its object so, and raise it above its level. This is that which has deceived you into my picture, and made you put so great a compliment upon me; and I do not know what you will find to justify yourself to those who shall see it in your possession. You may indeed tell them the original is as much yours as the picture; but this will be no great boast, when the man is not more considerable than his shadow. When I looked upon it after it was done, methought it had not that countenance I ought to accost you with. I know not whether the secret displeasure I felt while I was sitting, from the consideration that the going of my picture brought us no nearer together, made me look grave; but this I must own, that it was

not without regret that I remembered that this counterfeit would be before me with the man that I so much desired to be with, and could not tell him how much I longed to put myself into his hands and to have him in my arms. One thing pray let it mind you of, and when you look on it at any time pray believe, that the colours of that face on the cloth are more fading and changeable than those thoughts which will always represent you to my mind as the most valuable person in the world, whose face I do not know, and one whose company is so desirable to me, that I shall not be happy till I do.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, *Oates, 22d February*, 1696-7.

I FEAR you will be of an opinion that I take my picture for myself, and think you ought to look no farther, since that is coming to you or is already with you. Indeed we are shadows much alike, and there is not much difference in our strength and usefulness. But yet I cannot but remember, that I cannot expect my picture should answer your letters to me, pay the acknowledgments I owe you, and excuse a silence as great as if I were nothing but a piece of cloth overlaid with colours. I could lay a great deal of blame on business, and a great deal on want of health. Between these two I have had little leisure since I writ to you last. But all that will bear no excuse to myself

for being three letters in arrear to a person whom I the willingest hear from of any man in the world, and with whom I had rather entertain myself, and pass my hours in conversation, than with any one that I know. I should take it amiss if you were not angry with me for not writing to you all this while; for I should suspect you loved me not so well as I love you, if you could patiently bear my silence. I hope it is your civility makes you not chide me. I promise you I should have grumbled cruelly at you if you had been half so guilty as I have been. But if you are angry a little, pray be not so very much; for if you should provoke me any way, I know the first sight of a letter from you would allay all my choler immediately, and the joy of hearing you were well, and that you continued your kindness to me, would fill my mind, and leave me no other passion: for I tell you truly, that since the receipt of your letter in September last, there is scarce a day past, I am sure not a post, wherein I have not thought of my obligation and debt to you, and resolved to acknowledge it to you, though something or other has still come between to hinder me. For you would have pitied me, to see how much of my time was forced from me this winter in the country (where my illness confined me within doors) by crowds of letters, which were therefore indispensably to be answered, because they were from people whom either I knew not, or cared not for, or was not willing to make bold with; and so you, and another friend I have in Holland, have been delayed, and put last, because you are my friends beyond ceremony and formality. And I reserved myself for

you when I was at leisure, in the ease of thoughts to enjoy: for, that you may not think you have been passed over by a peculiar neglect, I mention to you another very good friend of mine, of whom I have now by me a letter of an ancienter date than the first of your three, yet unanswered.

LETTER XXXVI.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

DEAR SIR, *Oates, 10th Jan.* 1697-8.

YOUR gentle and kind reproof of my silence has greater marks of true friendship in it than can be expressed in the most elaborate professions, or be sufficiently acknowledged by a man who has not the opportunity nor ability to make those returns he would. Though I have had less health and more business since I writ to you last than ever I had for so long together in my life, yet neither the one nor the other had kept me so long a truant, had not the concurrence of other causes drilled me on from day to day, in a neglect of what I frequently purposed, and always thought myself obliged to do. Perhaps the listlessness my indispositions constantly keep me in made me too easily hearken to such excuses; but the expectation of hearing every day from Mons. Le Clerk, that I might send you his answer; and the thoughts that I should be able to send your brother an account, that his curious treatise concerning the Chafers in Ireland was printed, were at least the pretences

that served to humour my laziness. Business kept me in town longer than was convenient for my health: all the day, from my rising, was commonly spent in that; and when I come home at night, my shortness of breath, and panting for want of it, made me ordinarily so uneasy that I had no heart to do any thing; so that the usual diversion of my vacant hours forsook me, and reading itself was a burden to me. In this estate I lingered along in town to December, till I betook myself to my wonted refuge, in the more favourable air and retirement of this place. That gave me presently relief against the constant oppression of my lungs, while I sit still; but I find such a weakness of them still remain, that, if I stir ever so little, I am immediately out of breath, and the very dressing or undressing me is a labour that I am fain to rest after to recover my breath; and I have not been once out of my house since I came last hither. I wish, nevertheless, that you were here with me to see how well I am; for you would find, that, sitting by the fire-side, I could bear my part in discoursing, laughing, and being merry with you, as well as ever I could in my life. If you were here (and if wishes of more than one could bring you you would be here to-day) you would find three or four in the parlour after dinner, who, you would say, passed their afternoons as agreeably and as jocundly as any people you have this good while met with. Do not, therefore, figure to yourself, that I am languishing away my last hours under an unsociable despondency and the weight of my infirmity. It is true, I do not count upon years of life to come, but, I thank God, I have not many

uneasy hours here in the four-and-twenty; and if I can have the wit to keep myself out of the stifling air of London, I see no reason but, by the grace of God, I may get over this winter, and that terrible enemy of mine may use me no worse than the last did, which, as severe and as long as it was, let me yet see another summer.

LETTER XXXVII.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

DEAR SIR, *Oates, 6th April*, 1698.

THERE is none of the letters that ever I received from you gave me so much trouble as your last of March 15. I was told that you resolved to come into England early in the spring, and lived in the hopes of it more than you can imagine. I do not mean that I had greater hopes of it than you can imagine; but it enlivened me, and contributed to the support of my spirits more than you can think. But your letter has quite dejected me again. The thing I above all things long for, is to see, and embrace, and have some discourse with you before I go out of this world. I meet with so few capable of truth, or worthy of a free conversation, such as becomes lovers of truth, that you cannot think it strange if I wish for some time with you for the exposing, sifting, and rectifying of my thoughts. If they have gone any thing farther in the discovery of truth than what I have already published, it must be by your encouragement that I must go

on to finish some things which I have already begun; and with you I hoped to discourse my other yet crude and imperfect thoughts, in which, if there were any thing useful to mankind, if they were opened and deposited with you, I know them safe lodged for the advantage of truth some time or other: for I am in doubt whether it be fit for me to trouble the press with any new matter; or if I did, I look on my life as so near worn out, that it would be folly to hope to finish any thing of moment in the small remainder of it. I hoped, therefore, as I said, to have seen you, and unravelled to you that which lying in the lump unexplicated in my mind, I scarce yet know what it is myself: for I have often had experience that a man cannot well judge of his own notions till, either by setting them down in paper, or in discoursing them to a friend, he has drawn them out, and as it were spread them fairly before himself. As for writing, my ill health gives me little heart or opportunity for it; and of seeing you I begin now to despair; and that which very much adds to my affliction in the case is, that you neglect your own health on considerations, I am sure, that are not worth your health; for nothing, if expectations were certainties, can be worth it. I see no likelihood of the parliament's rising yet this good while; and when they are up, who knows whether the man you expect to relieve you will come to you presently or at all? You must therefore lay by that business for a while which detains you, or get some other body into it, if you will take that care of your health this summer which you designed and it seems to require; and if you

defer it till the next, who knows but your care of it may then come too late? There is nothing that we are such spendthrifts of as health; we spare every thing sooner than that, though whatever we sacrifice it to is worth nothing without it. Pardon me the liberty I take with you: you have given me an interest in you; and it is a thing of too much value to me to look coldly on, whilst you are running into any inconvenience or danger, and say nothing. If that could be any spur to you to hasten your journey hither, I would tell you I have an Answer ready for the press, which I should be glad you should see first. It is too long: the plenty of matter of all sorts which the gentleman affords me, is the cause of its too great length, though I have passed by many things worthy of remarks; but what may be spared of what there is, I would be glad should be blotted out by your hand. But this between us.

Amongst other things I would be glad to talk with you about before I die, is that which you suggest at the bottom of the first page of your letter. I am mightily concerned for the place meant in the question you say you will ask the author of the treatise you mention, and wish extremely well to it; and would be very glad to be informed by you what would be best for it, and debate with you the ways to compose it. But this cannot be done by letters; the subject is of too great extent, the views too large, and the particulars too many to be so managed. Come therefore yourself, and come as well prepared in that matter as you can. But if you talk with others on that point there, mention not me to any body on that subject; only

let you and I try what good we can do for those whom we wish well to. Great things have sometimes been brought about from small beginnings well laid together.

Pray present my most humble service to your brother; I should be glad of an opportunity to do him some service. That which he thanks me for in my care about his discourse concerning the Chafers, was a service to the public, and he owes me no thanks for it. I am, dear sir, your faithful and most humble servant.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. MOLYNEUX TO MR. LOCKE.

Honoured dear Sir, *Dublin, Sept. 20th,* 1698.

I ARRIVED here safely the 15th instant; and now that the ruffling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I sit down to a task, which I must confess is the hardest I was ever under in my life; I mean, expressing my thanks to you suitable to the favours I received from you, and suitable to the inward sense I have of them in my mind. Were it possible for me to do either, I should in some measure be satisfied; but my inability of paying my debts makes me ashamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much, with the strictest sincerity, I will venture to assert to you, that I cannot recollect, through the whole course of my life, such signal instances of real friendship, as when I had the happiness of your company for five weeks

together in London. It is with the greatest satisfaction imaginable that I recollect what then passed between us, and I reckon it the happiest scene of my whole life. That part thereof especially which I passed at Oates has made such an agreeable impression on my mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent family I beseech you give my most humble respects. It is my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter; but I beg of you to make my excuse for omitting it at this time, because I am a little pressed by some business that is thrown upon me since my arrival; to which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious letter from, sir, your most obliged and entirely affectionate friend and servant.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. MOLYNEUX.

DEAR SIR, *London, Sept. 29th*, 1698.

YOURS of the 20th has now discharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weathercock and hearkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this distance, and such a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are safe and sound on the other side the water. But pray you speak not in so magnificent and courtly a style of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated you as my friend, and therefore used no ceremony, nor can receive any

thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to bestow that happiness on me. If you keep your word, and do me the same kindness again next year, I shall have reason to think you value me more than you say, though you say more than I can with modesty read.

I find you were beset with business when you wrote your letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet, for all that, I cannot forgive your silence concerning your health and your son. My service to him, your brother, and Mr. Burridge; and do me the justice to believe, that I am, with a perfect affection, dear sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

LETTER XL.

MR. LOCKE TO MR. BURRIDGE.

SIR, *Oates, Oct. 27th*, 1698.

You guessed not amiss, when you said, in the beginning of yours of the 13th instant, that you gave me the trouble of a letter; for I have received few letters in my life the contents whereof have so much troubled and afflicted me as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from England, with all the hopes and promises to myself of seeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next spring. This was a satisfaction that helped me to bear our separation; and the short taste I had of him here, in this our first interview, I hoped would be made up in a longer

conversation, which he promised me the next time; but it has served only to give me a greater sense of my loss in an eternal farewel in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments; a fuller sight, or greater esteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure; which I must regret the loss of the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it in any way. I should be glad if what I owed the father could enable me to do any service to his son. He deserves it for his own sake (his father has more than once talked to me of him) as well as for his father's. I desire you, therefore, to assure those who have the care of him, that if there be any thing wherein I, at this distance, may be any way serviceable to young Mr. Molyneux, they cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to shew that my friendship died not with him.

Pray give my most humble service to Dr. Molyneux and to his nephew. I am, sir, your faithful and humble servant.

LETTER XLI.

FROM THE SAME TO DR. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, *Oates, 27th October*, 1698.

DEATH has, with a violent hand, hastily snatched from you a dear brother. I doubt not but on this occasion you need all the consolation can be given

to one unexpectedly bereft of so worthy and near a relation. Whatever inclination I may have to alleviate your sorrow, I bear too great a share in the loss, and am too sensibly touched with it myself, to be in a condition to discourse you on this subject, or do any thing but mingle my tears with yours. I have lost in your brother not only an ingenious and learned acquaintance, that all the world esteemed; but an intimate and sincere friend, whom I truly loved, and by whom I was truly loved: and what a loss that is, those only can be sensible who know how valuable and how scarce a true friend is, and how far to be preferred to all other sorts of treasure. He has left a son who I know was dear to him, and deserved to be so as much as was possible for one of his age. I cannot think myself wholly incapacitated from paying some of the affection and service was due from me to my dear friend, as long as he has a child or a brother in the world. If, therefore, there be any thing at this distance wherein I, in my little sphere, may be able to serve your nephew or you, I beg you, by the memory of our deceased friend, to let me know it; that you may see, that one who loved him so well cannot but be tenderly concerned for his son, nor be otherwise than I am, sir, your most humble and most affectionate servant.

LETTER XLII.

DR. MOLYNEUX TO MR. LOCKE.

SIR, *Dublin, November 26th*, 1698.

As you have a true sense of every thing, so you were very much in the right, when you tell me in the letter you favoured me with of the 27th of last month, that I needed all the consolation could be given one that had lost so unexpectedly a dear and only brother. His death indeed has been a severe affliction to me; and though I have you, and many more that bear a great share with me in my sorrow; yet this does no way alleviate it, but makes it fall the heavier upon me: for it doubles my grief to think what an unspeakable loss he must be to so near a relation, that is so much lamented by those that were only acquainted with him. I could not believe that mortality could have made so deep an impression on me, whose profession leads into so thorough a familiarity with it; but I find a passionate affection surmounts all this, and the *tecum obeam lubens*, though it was the expression of a poet, yet I am sensible was a very natural one where we love extremely, and the Indians prove it no less in fact. Could any outward circumstance of his life have increased that brotherly affection I had for him, it must have been that he had so great a part in your friendship, who must be allowed to have a nice judgment in discerning the true characters and worth of men. He frequently in his lifetime has expressed to me

with great complacency of mind, how happy he thought himself in your acquaintance, and he spoke of you several times during his short sickness with great respect. With his own hand he has writ this clause in his will: "I give and bequeath to my excellent friend John Locke, esquire, author of the Essay concerning Human Understanding, the sum of five pounds, to buy him a ring, in memory of the value and esteem I had for him." This I shall take care to send you in a bill by Mr. Churchill's hands, when he states the account as it stands between him and my brother. The only child he has left behind him is under my care and management. I shall endeavour to discharge this trust, with all the regard to my brother's memory, and the advantage of his child, I can: but it grieves me to think that I must surely fall very much short of that extraordinary application and prudence his father would have shewn in his education: for he made it the chiefest, and indeed the only business of his life. I have made his little son as sensible as his tender age would allow, how much he is obliged to you, his father's friend, for your earnest desire to serve him: I wish you may both prolong your lives so, as he may one day be more thankful and capable of your kindness, by profiting much from your good instructions and advice. And since you so earnestly press me, by the memory of your deceased friend, to let you know wherein you might oblige me, I will venture to break the bounds of modesty so far, as to tell you I should be extremely pleased to receive from yourself the last edition of your incomparable Essay of Human Understanding, and

such other pieces of your works as you shall think fit; for all which, as I have a great esteem, so I should have a more particular regard coming from yourself, as a private memorial of my dear brother's friend, and of a person for whom I have such an extraordinary value; as I shall ever be proud of owning myself, sir, your truly affectionate and humble servant.

LETTER XLIII.

MR. LOCKE TO DR. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, *Oates, 28th January*, 1698-9.

I HAVE been slower in returning you my thanks for the favour of your letter of the 26th of November, and the civilities you express to me in it, than perhaps I should have been. But the truth is, my thoughts never look towards Dublin now, without casting such a cloud upon my mind, and laying such a load of fresh sorrow on me for the loss of my dear friend, your brother, that I cannot without displeasure turn them that way; and when I do it, I find myself very unfit for conversation and the entertainment of a friend. It is therefore not without pain that I bring myself to write you a scurvy letter. What there wants in it of expression, you must make up out of the esteem I have for the memory of our common friend; and I desire you not to think my respects to you the less, because the loss of your brother makes me not able to speak them as I would.

Since you are pleased to put such a value on my trifles, I have given order to Mr. Churchill to send you my last reply to the bishop of Worcester, and the last Edition of my Treatise of Education, which came forth since Mr. Molyneux's death. I send this with the more confidence to you because your brother told me more than once, that he followed the method I therein offer to the world, in the breeding of his son. I wish you may find it fit to be continued to him, and useful to you in his education; for I cannot but be mightily concerned for the son of such a father, and wish that he may grow up into that esteem and character which his father left behind him amongst all good men who knew him. As for my Essay concerning Human Understanding, it is now out of print; and if it were not, I think I should make you but an ill compliment in sending it you less perfect than I design it should be in the next edition, in which I shall make many additions to it: and when it is as perfect as I can make it, I know not whether in sending it you I shall not load you with a troublesome and useless present. But since by desiring it you seem to promise me your acceptance, I shall as soon as it is reprinted take the liberty to thrust it into your study. I am, sir, your most humble and faithful servant.

LETTER XLIV.

FROM LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ———.

May 10th, 1707.

SINCE your disposition inclines you so strongly towards university learning; and your sound exercise of your reason, and the integrity of your heart, give good assurance against the narrow principles and contagious manner of those corrupted places, whence all noble and free principles ought rather to be propagated; I shall not be wanting to you on my part, when I shall see the fruit of your studies, life, and conversation, answerable to those good seeds of principles you seem to carry in you.

I am glad to find your love of reason and free-thought. Your piety and virtue, I know, you will always keep; especially since your desires and natural inclinations are towards so serious a station in life, which others undertake too slightly, and without examining their hearts.

Pray God direct you, and confirm your good beginnings, and in the practice of virtue and religion; assuring yourself that the highest principle, which is the love of God, is best attained, not by dark speculations and monkish philosophy, but by moral practice, and love of mankind, and a study of their interests: the chief of which, and that which only raises them above the degree of brutes, is freedom of reason in the learned world, and good government and liberty in the civil world.

Tyranny in one is ever accompanied, or soon followed, by tyranny in the other. And when slavery is brought upon a people, they are soon reduced to that base and brutal state, both in their understandings and morals.

True zeal therefore for God or religion, must be supported by real love for mankind: and love of mankind cannot consist but with a right knowledge of man's great interests, and of the only ways and means (that of liberty and freedom) which God and nature has made necessary and essential to his manly dignity and character. They therefore who betray these principles, and the rights of mankind, betray religion even so as to make it an instrument against itself.

But I must have done; and am your good friend to serve you.

LETTER XLV.

FROM LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ———.

July 10, 1710.

I BELIEVE indeed it was your expecting me every day at ****, that prevented your writing, since you received orders from the good bishop, my lord of Salisbury; who, as he had done more than any man living for the good and honour of the church of England and the reformed religion, so he now suffers more than any man from the tongues and slander of those ungrateful churchmen; who may well call themselves by that single term of distinction, having no claim to that of Christianity or

Protestant, since they have thrown off all the temper of the former, and all concern or interest with the latter.

I hope whatever advice the great and good bishop gave you will sink deeply into your mind: and that your receiving orders from the hands of so worthy a prelate will be one of the circumstances which may help to insure your steadiness in honesty, good principles, moderation, and true christianity; which are now set at nought and at defiance by the far greater part and numbers of that body of clergy called the church of England; who no more esteem themselves a Protestant church, or in union with those of Protestant communion; though they pretend to the name of Christian, and would have us judge of the spirit of Christianity from theirs: which God prevent! lest good men should in time forsake Christianity through their means.

As for my part of kindness and friendship to you, I shall be sufficiently recompensed, if you prove (as you have ever promised,) a virtuous, pious, sober, and studious man, as becomes the solemn charge belonging to you. But you have been brought into the world, and come into orders, in the worst times for insolence, riot, pride, and presumption of clergymen that I ever knew, or have read of; though I have searched far into the characters of high-churchmen from the first centuries, in which they grew to be dignified with crowns and purple, to the late times of our reformation, and to our present age.

The thorough knowledge you have had of me, and the direction of all my studies and life to the

promotion of religion, virtue, and the good of mankind, will (I hope) be of some good example to you; at least it will be a hindrance to your being seduced by infamies and calumnies; such as are thrown upon the men called moderate, and in their style indifferent in religion, heterodox, and heretical.

I pray God to bless you in your new function with all the true virtue, humility, moderation, and meekness, which becomes it. I am your hearty friend.

LETTER XLVI.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *Chelsea, Sept.* 30, 1708.

Two reasons have made me delay answering yours; I was in hopes of seeing our great lord, and I depended on Mr. Micklethwayt's presenting you with my services, and informing you of all matters public and private. The queen is but just come to Kensington, and my lord* to town. He promised to send me word, and appoint me a time, when he came. But I should have prevented him, had it been my weather for town-visits. But having owed the recovery of my health to the method I have taken of avoiding the town-smoke, I am kept at a distance, and like to be removed even from hence in a little while: though I have a project of staying longer here than my usual time, by

* The earl of Godolphin, then lord-treasurer.

removing now and then cross the water, to my friend sir John Cropley's in Surrey, where my riding and airing recruits me. I am highly rejoiced, as you may believe, that I can find myself able to do a little more public service, than what of late years I have been confined to, in my country; and I own the circumstances of a court were never so inviting to me, as they have been since a late view I have had of the best part of our ministry. It may perhaps have added more of confidence and forwardness in my way of courtship, to be so incapacitated as I am from taking any thing there for myself. But I hope I may convince some persons, that it is possible to serve disinterestedly; and that obligations already received (though on the account of others) are able to bind as strongly as the ties of self-interest.

I had resolved to stay till I had one conference more with our lord * before I writ to you: but a letter, which I have this moment received from Mr. Micklethwayt, on his having waited on you in the country, has made me resolve to write thus hastily (without missing to-night's post) to acknowledge, in the friendliest and freest manner, the kind and friendly part you have taken in my private interests. If I have ever endured any thing for the public, or sacrificed any of my youth, or pleasures, or interests to it, I find it is made up to me in the good opinion of some few: and perhaps one such friendship as yours may counterbalance all the malice of my worst enemies. It is true, what I once told you I had determined

* Earl of Godolphin.

with myself, never to think of the continuance of a family, or altering the condition of life that was most agreeable to me, whilst I had (as I thought) a just excuse: but that of late I had yielded to my friends, and allowed them to dispose of me, if they thought that by this means I could add any thing to the power or interest I had to serve them or my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be so heavy and unactive in this affair, that my friends would hardly take me to be in earnest. But though it be so lately that I have taken my resolution, and that you were one of the first who knew it, I have on a sudden such an affair thrown across me, that I am confident I have zeal enough raised in me to hinder you from doubting whether I sincerely intend what I profess. There is a lady, whom chance has thrown into my neighbourhood, and whom I never saw till the Sunday before last, who is in every respect that very person I had ever framed a picture of from my imagination, when I wished the best for my own happiness in such a circumstance. I had heard her character before; and her education, and every circumstance besides, suited exactly, all but her fortune. Had she but a ten thousand pounds, my modesty would allow me to apply without reserve, where it was proper. And I would it were in my power, without injury to the lady, to have her upon those terms, or lower. I flatter myself too, by all appearance, that the father has long had, and yet retains, some regard for me; and that the disappointments he has had in some higher friendships may make him look as low as on me, and imagine me not wholly unwor-

thy of his relation. But, if by any interest I had, or could possibly make with the father, I should induce him to bestow his daughter, perhaps with much less fortune (since I would gladly accept her so) than what in other places he would have bestowed, I shall draw a double misfortune on the lady; unless she has goodness enough to think, that one who seeks her for what he counts better than a fortune, may possibly by his worth or virtue make her sufficient amends. And were I but encouraged to hope or fancy this, I would begin my offers to-morrow; and should have greater hopes, that my disinterestedness would be of some service to me in this place, as matters stand.

You see my scruple, and being used to me, and knowing my odd temper (for I well know you believe it no affectation), you may be able to relieve me, and have the means in your hands: for a few words with one who has the honour to be your relation, would resolve me in this affair. I cannot stir in it till then, and should be more afraid of my good fortune than my bad, if it should happen to me to prevail with a father for whom the lady has so true a duty, that, even against her inclination, she would comply with any thing he required, I am afraid it will be impossible for you to read, or make sense of, what I write thus hastily; but I fancy with myself, I make you the greater confidence, in trusting to my humour and first thought, without staying till I have so much as formed a reflection. I am sure there is hardly any one besides you, I should lay myself thus open to; but I am secure in your friendship, which I rely on

(for advice) in this affair. I beg to hear from you in answer by the first post, being, with great sincerity, your faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTER XLVII.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

Beachworth, in Surrey,
Oct. 12. 1708.

DEAR SIR,

FROM the hour I had writ you that hasty letter from Chelsea I was in pain till I had heard from you; and could not but often wish I had not writ in that hurry and confusion. But since I have received yours in answer, I have all the satisfaction imaginable. I see so sincere a return of friendship, that it cannot any more concern me to have laid myself so open.

I would have a friend see me at the worst; and it is a satisfaction to find, that if one's failures or weaknesses were greater than really they are, one should still be cherished, and be supplied even with good sentiments and discretion, when they were wanting. One thing only I beg you would take notice of, that I had never any thoughts of applying to the young lady before I applied to the father. My morals are rather too strict to let me have taken such an advantage, had it been ever so fairly offered. But my drift was, to learn whether there had been an inclination to any one before me; for many offers had been, and some

I know very great, within these few months. And though the duty of the daughter might have acquiesced in the dislike of the father, so as not to shew any discontent; yet there might be something of this lying at the heart, and so strongly, that my application and success (if I had any) might be looked on with an ill eye, and cause a real trouble. This would have caused it, I am sure, in me; when I should have come, perhaps too late, to have discovered it. But there is nothing of this in the case, by all that I can judge or learn. Never did I hear of a creature so perfectly resigned to duty, so innocent in herself, and so contented under those means which have kept and still keep her so innocent as to the vanities and vices of the world; though with real good parts, and improvement of them at home: for of this my lord has wisely and handsomely taken care. Never was any thing so unfortunate for me, as that she should be such a fortune; for that I know is what every body will like, and I perhaps have the worst relish of, and least deserve. The other qualities I should prize more than any, and the generality of mankind, instead of prizing would be apt to contemn; for want of air and humour, and the wit of general conversation, and the knowledge of the town, and fashions, and diversions, are unpardonable dulnesses in young wives; who are taken more as companions of pleasure, and to be shewn abroad as beauties in the world, than to raise families, and support the honour and interest of those they are joined to.

But to shew you that I am not wanting to myself, since your encouraging and advising letter,

I have begun my application, by what you well call the right end*. You shall hear with what success, as soon as I know myself. I could both be bolder and abler in the management of the affair, and could promise myself sure success, had I but a constitution that would let me act for myself, and bustle in and about that town which, by this winter season coming on so fiercely, is by this time in such a cloud of smoke, that I can neither be in it nor near it. I stayed but a day or two too long at Chelsea, after the setting in of these east and north-east winds, and I had like to have fallen into one of my short-breathing fits, which would have ruined me. But by flying hither and keeping my distance, I keep my health, but (I may well fear) shall lose my mistress. For who ever courted at this rate? Did matters lie so as to the fortune, that I could be the obliging side, it might go on with tolerable grace; and so I fear it must be, whenever I marry, or else am likely to remain a batcheior.

However, you can never any more arraign my morals after this. You can never charge me, as you have done, for a remissness and laziness, or an indulgence to my own ways, and love of retirement; which (as you thought) might have made me averse to undertake the part of wife and children, though my country or friends ever so much required it of me. You see it will not be my fault; and you shall find I will not act booty for myself. If I have any kind of success at this right end, I will then beg to use the favour of your in-

* The father.

terest in your cousin, as I shall then mention to you; but instead of setting me off for other things, I would most earnestly beg that you would speak only of your long and thorough knowledge of me, and (if you think it true) of my good temper, honesty, love of my relations and country, sobriety and virtue. For these I hope I may stand to, as far as I am possessed of them. They will not, I hope, grow worse as I grow older. For though I can promise little of my regimen, by which I hold my health; I am persuaded to think no vices will grow upon me, as I manage myself; for in this I have ever been sincere, to make myself as good as I was able, and to live for no other end.

I am ashamed to have writ such a long letter about myself, as if I had no concern for the public; though I may truly say to you, if I had not the public in view, I should hardly have these thoughts of changing my condition at this time of day, that I can better indulge myself in the ease of a single and private life. The weather, which is so unfortunate for me by these settled east winds, keeps the country dry; and if they are the same (as is likely) in Flanders, I hope ere this Lisle is ours, which has cost us so dear, and held us in such terrible anxiety.

I have been to see lord-treasurer that little while he was in town, but could not find him.

Pray let me hear in your next, what time you think of coming up*. I shall be glad to hear soon from you again. Wishing you delight and good

* From Edlington, a seat the lord Molesworth had in Yorkshire.

success in your country affairs, and all happiness and prosperity to your family, I remain, dear sir, your obliged friend and faithful humble servant.

Sir John Cropley, with whom I am here, presents his humble service to you.

LETTER XLVIII.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

Beachworth, in Surry, Oct. 23, 1708.

DEAR SIR,

You guessed right as to the winds, which are still easterly, and keep me here in winter quarters, from all public and private affairs. I have neither seen lord-treasurer, nor been at Chelsea* to prosecute my own affair; though as for this latter, as great as my zeal is, I am forced to a stand. I was beforehand told, that as to the lord, he was in some measure engaged; and the return I had from him, on my application, seemed to imply as much. On the other side I have had reason to hope, that the lady, who had before bemoaned herself for being destined to greatness without virtue, had yet her choice to make; and, after her escapes, sought for nothing so much as sobriety and a strict virtuous character. How much more still this adds to my zeal you may believe: and by all hands I have received the highest character of your relation, who seems to have inspired her with these and other good sentiments, so rare in her sex and degree.

* He had a pretty retreat at Little Chelsea, which he fitted up according to his own fancy.

My misfortune is, I have no friend in the world by whom I can in the least engage, or have access to your relation, but only by yourself; and I have no hopes of seeing you soon, or of your having any opportunity to speak of me to her. If a letter could be proper, I should fancy it more so at this time than any other; provided you would found it on the common report which is abroad, of my being in treaty for that lady. This might give you an occasion of speaking of me as to that part which few besides can know so well, I mean my heart; which, if she be such as really all people allow, will not displease her to hear so well of, as perhaps in friendship and from old acquaintance you may represent. If the person talked of be really my rival, and in favour with the father, I must own my case is next to desperate; not only because I truly think him, as the world goes, likely enough to make a good (at least a civil) husband; but because, as my aim is not fortune, and his is, he being an old friend to, I should unwillingly stand between him and an estate; which his liberality has hitherto hindered him from gaining, as great as his advantages have been hitherto in the government. By what I have said, I believe you may guess who my supposed rival is*: or if you want a farther hint, it is one of the chief of the Junto, an old friend of yours and mine, whom we long sat with in the House of Commons (not often voted with), but who was afterwards taken up to a higher house; and is as much noted for wit and gallantry, and magnificence, as for his eloquence

* Charles Montague, late earl of Hallifax.

and courtier's character. But whether this be so suited to this meek good lady's happiness, I knew not. Fear of partiality and self-love makes me not dare determine, but rather mistrust myself, and turn the balance against me. Pray keep this secret, for I got it by chance; and if there be any thing in it, it is a great secret between the two lords themselves. But sometimes I fancy it is a nail which will hardly go, though I am pretty certain it has been aimed at by this old acquaintance of ours, ever since a disappointment happened from a great lord beyond sea, who was to have had the lady.

Nothing but the sincere friendship you show for me, could make me to continue thus to impart my privatest affairs: and in reality, though they seem wholly private and selfish, I will not be ashamed to own the honesty of my heart to you; in professing that the public has much the greatest part in all this bustle I am engaging in. You have lately made me believe, and even proved too by experience, that I had some interest in the world; and there, where I least dreamed of it, with great men in power. I had always something of an interest in my country, and with the plain honest people: and sometimes I have experienced both here at home, and abroad, where I have long lived, and made acquaintance (in Holland especially), that with a plain character of honesty and disinterestedness, I have on some occasions, and in dangerous urgent times of the public, been able to do some good. If the increase of my fortune be the least motive in this affair before me (as sincerely I do not find), I will venture to say, it can only

be in respect of the increase of my interest, which I may have in my country, in order to serve it.

One who has little notion of magnificence, and less of pleasure and luxury, has not that need of riches which others have. And one who prefers tranquillity, and a little study, and a few friends, to all other advantages of life, and all the flatteries of ambition and fame, is not like to be naturally so very fond of engaging in the circumstances of marriage: I do not go swimmingly to it, I assure you; nor is the great fortune a great bait. Sorry I am, that nobody with a less fortune, or more daughters, has had the wit to order such an education. A very moderate fortune had served my turn; or perhaps quality alone, to have a little justified me, and kept me in countenance, had I chose so humbly. But now that which is rich ore, and would have been the most estimable had it been bestowed on me, will be mere dross, and flung away on others; who will pity and despise those very advantages, which I prize so much. But this is one of the common places of exclamation, against the distribution of things in this world; and, upon my word, whoever brought up the proverb, it is no advantageous one for a Providence to say, "Matches are made in Heaven." I believe rather in favour of Providence, that there is nothing which is so merely fortune, and more committed to the power of blind chance. So I must be contented, and repine the less at my lot, if I am disappointed in such an affair. If I satisfy my friends that I am not wanting to myself, it is sufficient. I am sure you know it, by the sound experience of all this trouble I have given and am

still like to give you. Though I confess myself, yet even in this too I do but answer friendship, as being so sincerely and affectionately your most faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTER XLIX.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR; *Beachworth, Nov.* 4, 1708.

I WAS at Chelsea when I received yours with the enclosed, and was so busied in the employment you had given me, by your encouragement and kind assistance in a certain affair, that I have let pass two posts without returning you thanks, for the greatest marks of your friendship that any one can possibly receive. Indeed I might well be ashamed to receive them in one sense; since the character you have given of me*, is so far beyond what I dare think suitable: though in these cases, one may better perhaps give way to vanity than in any other. But though friendship has made you over favourable, there is one truth, however, which your letter plainly carries with it, and must do me service. It shews that I have a real and passionate friend in you; and to have deserved such a friendship, must be believed some sort of merit. I do not say this as aiming at a fine speech; but in reality, where one sees so little friendship,

* This relates to a letter the lord Molesworth had written in his favour.

and of so short continuance, as commonly in mankind, it must be, one would think, even in the sex's eye, a pledge of constancy, fidelity, and other merit, to have been able to engage and preserve so lasting and firm a friendship with a man of worth. So that you see, I can find a way to reconcile myself to all you have said in favour of me, allowing it to have been spoken in passion; and in this respect the more engaging with the sex: who are as good or better judges than we ourselves, of the sincerity of affection.

But in the midst of my courtship came an east wind, and with the town smoke did my business, or at least would have done it effectually, had I not fled hither with what breath I had left. Indeed I could have almost laughed at my own misfortune; there is something so odd in my fortune and constitution. You may think me melancholy, if you will. I own there was a time in public affairs when I really was; for, saving yourself, and perhaps one or two more (I speak the most), I had none that acted with me, against the injustice and corruption of both parties; each of them inflamed against me, particularly one, because of my birth and principles; the other, because of my pretended apostasy, which was only adhering to those principles on which their party was founded. There have been apostates indeed since that time. But the days are long since past, that you and I were treated as Jacobites*. What to say for some

* The truly apostate Whigs, who became servile and arbitrary to please court empirics, branded all those as Jacobites, who adhered to those very principles that occasioned and justified the revolution.

companions of ours, as they are now changed*, I know not; but as to my own particular, I assure you, that since those sad days of the public, which might have helped on perhaps with that melancholy or spleen which you fear in me, and for certain have helped me to this ill state of health; I am now, however, as free as possible; and even in respect of my health too, excepting only the air of London, I am, humanly speaking, very passable; but gallantly speaking, and as a courtier of the fair sex, God knows I may be very far from passing. And I have that sort of stubbornness and wilfulness (if that be spleen) that I cannot bear to set a better face on the matter than it deserves; so I am like to be an ill courtier, for the same reason that I am an ill jockey. It is impossible for me to conceal my horse's imperfections or my own, where I mean to dispose of either. I think it unfair; so that could any quack, by a peculiar medicine, set me up for a month or two, enough to go through with my courtship, I would not accept his offer, unless I could miraculously be made whole. Now for a country health and a town neighbourhood, I am sound and well; but for a town life, whether it be for business or diversion, it is out of my compass.

I say all this, that you may know my true state, and how desperate a man you serve, and in how desperate a case. Should any thing come of it,

* Here he means some who voted with him in his favourite bills, and who were originally Whigs; but out of pique and disappointment, became if not real Jacobites (which was scarce possible) yet in effect as bad, by promoting all the designs peculiar to that desperate party.

the friendship will appear the greater; or if nothing, the friendship will appear the same still, as to me myself. Your letter was delivered; I hope you will hear soon in answer to it. The old lord continues wonderfully kind to me, and I hear has lately spoken of me so to others. Our public affairs at home will be much changed by the late death of the prince*. But I have been able to see nobody; so will not attempt to write, and will end here with the assurance of my being, dear sir, your most obliged and faithful friend and servant.

LETTER L.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *Beachworth, Nov.* 25, 1708.

I SHOULD be very sorry if you missed mine, of last post but one, from Chelsea, in which I writ you my whole thoughts of the changes.

* * * * * *

As for myself and private affairs (with which I did not trouble you in my last long one), you may judge by the place where I am, that they go not on very smartly. Making court any where, or in any sense, I find is not among my talents, if I have any. I have done more in this affair than I thought it possible for me to have done, having so great an opinion (as I still have) of the lady. But it is hard, even for us men, to know ourselves; harder

* The prince of Denmark.

for women, however wise. She may like a younger man, and a sprightlier, far better perhaps than such a one as I am. But I believe such a one will not so like or value her as I do, or in the main make her so happy; so vain I am. But whatever my thoughts are of myself, I am not used to set myself off for my interest sake, and make the best of what I have. Health I have not in the highest degree. Be it spleen, or real infirmity, it is the same misfortune to a lady. Could I make a shew of health with safety, and pursue the lady, where I might have opportunity to win her liking by this means, and appearing better without doors than I am within at ordinary hours, I would not do this, whatever depended on it. But as the season is, and the severe north-east winds, and town smoke, I am driven from my quarters at Chelsea; and think not that I shall be able to return there, till the strength of the winter is over; so will take the first fair weather, to go to my winter quarters at St. Giles's *. A thousand thanks to you for your kind concern in an affair which I have taken so much to heart. Your writing again in answer as you did, the first post, was mighty right, to me extremely obliging. If I see the least glimmering of hope, you shall be sure to know. I have given order at Chelsea about the vines: adieu, dear sir. I am most faithfully yours.

* His paternal seat in Dorsetshire, which he used highly to commend.

LETTER LI.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *Beachworth, Sept. 3, 1709.*

IT is now long since I had fixed my thoughts on nothing but the happiness of seeing you, and profiting of those advantages which the perfectest friendship, with the greatest address, and indefatigable pains, had compassed in my behalf. There was nothing I might not have hoped from such a foundation as you had laid; and all the enchantments in the world could not have held proof, had my sad fate allowed me but to have followed my guide, and executed what my general had so ably designed. But not a star but has been my enemy. I had hardly got over the unnatural winter, but with all the zeal imaginable I dispatched my affairs and came up from the west, thinking to surprise you by a visit. The hurry I came away in, and the fatigue of more than ordinary business I was forced to dispatch that very morning I set out, joined with the ill weather which returned again upon my journey, threw me into one of my ill fits of the asthma, and almost killed me on the road. After a few weeks I got this over, and my hopes revived; and last week I went to Chelsea, paid my visit next day to the old man, found him not at home, resolved to redouble my visits, and once more endeavour to move him. But the winds returned to their old quarter, I had London smoke on me for a day or two, grew extremely ill with

it, and was forced to retire hither, where I have but just recovered breath.

What shall I do in such a case? To trouble you further I am ashamed; ashamed too that I should have pushed such an affair to which my strength was so little suitable; and yet ashamed to desist, after what I have done, and the vast trouble I have put you to. But fortune has at length taught me that lesson of philosophy, "to know myself," my constitution I mean; for my mind (in this respect at least) I know full well. And I wish in all other things I could be as unerring and perfect as I have been in this affair; in which I am certain no ambition, or thought of interest, has had any part: though it may look as if all my aim had been fortune, and not the person and character of the lady, as I have pretended. But in this I dare almost say with assurance, You know my heart. Whether that lady does, or ever will, God knows; for I have scarce the heart left to tell it her, had I the opportunity.

So much for my sad fortune.

I hope however to be at Chelsea again in a few days, and I long for the happiness of seeing you there; for I have no hopes of being able to wait on you at your lodgings.

If the queen goes soon to Windsor, I hope soon to see the great man, our friend; whom I can easier visit there, than at St. James's. He has been so kind to inquire after me with particular favour, and has sent me a kind message in relation to public affairs. I am, dear sir, your most obliged friend and faithful humble servant.

LETTER LII.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Chelsea, June* 15, 1700.

I WAS this day to wait again on my old lord. I found him as civil and obliging as ever. But when I came to make mention of my affair, I found the subject was uneasy to him. I did but take occasion, when he spoke in praise of my little house and study, to tell him I built it in a different view from what his lordship knew me to have of late; for I had then (I told him) no thoughts beyond a single life. I would have added, that since I was unhappy in my first offer, and had turned my thoughts as I had lately done, when I flattered myself in the hopes of his favour, I could no longer enjoy the place of his neighbourhood with the satisfaction I had done before.—But I found he was deaf on this ear. He seemed to express all the uneasiness that could be, and I could go no further. I see there is no hope left for me. If he thought any one sincere, I believe I might be as likely as any one to be trusted by him. But I am afraid he thinks but the worse of me for pretending to value his daughter as I do; and for protesting that I would be glad to take her without a farthing, present or future, and yet settle all I have, as I have offered him. He will not easily find such a friend and son-in-law; one that has such a regard for him and his.

But so it must be. He may suffer perhaps as

well as I. There is no help for this, when men are too crafty to see plain, and too interested to see their real friends and interest. I shall soon shew my sincerity in one respect, if I live: for since I cannot have the woman I have seen and liked, I may determine perhaps on one I have never seen; and take a lady for a character only without a fortune (which I want not), since you and other friends are so kindly importunate and pressing on this concern of mine.

But of this more when I see you next, with a thousand acknowledgments and thanks for the thorough friendship you have shewn; and what is so truly friendship, that I almost think I injure it when I speak of thanks and acknowledgments.

You will have me take all of this kind in another manner; and therefore, on the same foot, I expect you should take all that I have done, or ever can do, without ceremony, and as your faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTER LIII.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Leachworth, July* 9, 1709.

I CAN hardly be reconciled to you, for saying so much as you have done, to express your concern for the disappointment of my grand affair. I am not so ill a friend, nor have lived so little in the world, as not to know by experience, that a disappointment in a friend's concern is often of more

trouble to one than in one's own. And I was so satisfied this was your case, that I was willing to diminish the loss and make as slight of it as possible, the better to comfort you, and prevent your being too much concerned at what had happened. As to the fortune, I might sincerely have done it; but as to the lady, I own the loss is great enough: for, besides her character and education, she was the first I turned my thoughts upon after the promise you had drawn from me the year before, when you joined with some friends of mine in kindly pressing me to think of the continuance of a family. Methinks now I might be acquitted, after this attempt I have made. But you have taken occasion from the ill success of it to prove how much more still you are my friend, in desiring to make the most of me while I live, and keep what you can of me for memory sake afterwards. This is the kindest part in the world, and I cannot bring myself so much as to suppose a possibility of your flattering me. I have an easy faith in friendship. My friends may dispose of me as they please, when they thus lay claim to me; and whilst they find me of any use to them, or think I have any power still to serve mankind or my country in such a sphere as is yet left for me, I can live as happy in a crazy state of health, and out of the way of pleasures and diversions, as if I enjoyed them in the highest degree. If marriage can be suitable to such a circumstance of life, I am content to engage. I must do my best to render it agreeable to those I engage with; and my choice, I am sensible, ought for this reason to be as you have wisely prescribed for me. I must resolve to

sacrifice other advantages to obtain what is principal and essential in my case.

What other people will say of such a match I know not; nor what motive they will assign for it, when interest is set aside. Love, I fear, will be scarce a tolerable pretence in such a one as I am: and for a family, I have a brother still alive whom I may still have some hopes of. What a weakness then would it be thought in me to marry with little or no fortune, and not in the highest degree of quality neither? Will it be enough that I take a breeder out of a good family, with a right education, fit for a mere wife; and with no advantage but simple innocence, modesty, and the plain qualities of a good mother and a good nurse? This is as little the modern relish as that old-fashioned wife of Horace's,

> *Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus*
> *Pernicis uxor Appuli.* Ephod. ii. ver. 41.

Can you or my friends, who press me to this, bear me out in it? See, if with all the notions of virtue (which you, more than any one, have helped to propagate in this age) it be possible to make such an affair pass tolerable in the world. The experiment however shall be made, if I live out this summer; and you shall hear me say, as the old bachelor in the Latin Menander, with a little alteration,

> *Etsi hoc* molestum,—*atque alienum a vita mea*
> *Videtur; si vos tantopere istuc voltis, fiat.*
> Terent. Adelph. Act v. Sc. 8. ver. 21.

You see upon what foot of friendship I treat

you. Judge whether it be necessary for you hereafter to say much in order to convince me what a friend you are; and for my own part, I have reduced you, I am confident, to the necessity of believing me either the most insincere of all men, or the most faithfully your friend and humble servant.

I missed our great friend when I was last to visit him at St. James's. I intend for Windsor very soon, if I am able.

LETTER LIV.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO ROB. MOLESWORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *Ryegate in Surry, Nov.* 1, 1709.

If I have had any real joy in my new state, it was then chiefly when I received yours that wished it me. The two or three friends whom, besides yourself, I pretend to call by that name, were so much parties to the affair, and so near me, that their part of congratulation was in a manner anticipated. Happily you were at a good distance, and *point de vue* to see right: for as little trust as I allow to the common friendship of the world, I am so presumptuous in this case of a near and intimate friend, that, instead of mistrusting their affection, I am rather afraid of its rendering them too partial. The interest and part which I believe them ready to take in my concern makes me wish them sometimes to see me (as they should do themselves) from a distance and in a less favourable light. So

that, although I have had godfathers to my match, I have not been confirmed till I had your approbation: and though (thank God) I have had faith to believe myself a good Christian without episcopal confirmation, I should have thought myself an ill husband, and but half married, if I had not received your concluding sentence and friendly blessing. In good earnest (for to you I am not ashamed to say it) I have for many years known no other pleasure, or interest, or satisfaction, in doing any thing, but as I thought it right, and what became me to my friends and country. Not that I think I had the less pleasure for this reason: but honesty will always be thought a melancholy thing to those who go but half way into the reason of it, and are honest by chance or by force of nature, not by reason or conviction. Were I to talk of marriage, and forced to speak my mind plainly, and without the help of humour or raillery, I should doubtless offend the most part of sober married people, and the ladies chiefly; for I should in reality think I did wonders in extolling the happiness of my new state, and the merit of my wife in particular, by saying, that I verily thought myself as happy a man now as ever. And is not that subject enough of joy? What would a man of sense wish more? For my own part, if I find any sincere joy, it is because I promised myself no other than the satisfaction of my friends, who thought my family worth preserving, and myself worth nursing in an indifferent crazy state, to which a wife (if a real good one) is a great help. Such a one I have found; and if by her help or care I can regain a tolerable share of health, you

may be sure it will be employed as you desire, since my marriage itself was but a means to that end.

I have deferred three or four posts the answering yours, in expectation of reporting something to you from our great lord, to whom I had lately sent a letter; he having before let me know that he would soon write to me upon something of moment; but as yet I have heard nothing. Only, as oft as he sees a friend of ours, he inquires after me with a particular kindness. I am now at such a convenient distance from him, whether he be at St. James's, Kensington, or Windsor, that when the weather and wind serve for me, and I am toterably well, I can, in four or five hours driving, be ready to attend him. Other attendance I am not, you know, capable of; nor can I expect such a change of health as that comes to; for sincerely it depends on that alone. As proudly as I have carried myself to other ministers, I could as willingly pass a morning waiting at his levee as anywhere else in the world.

When I was last with him at Windsor, you may be sure, I could not omit speaking to him of yourself. The time I had with him was much interrupted by company. I know not how my interest, on such a foot as this, is like to grow; but I am certain it shall not want any cultivating, which an honest man, and in my circumstances, can possibly bestow upon it. If he has, or comes to have, any good opinion of my capacity or knowledge, he must withal regard me in the choice I make of friends. And if it happens, as fortunately it has done, that the chief friend I have, and the first

whom I consider in public affairs, was previously his own acquaintance and proved friend, one would think he should afterwards come to set a higher value upon him: and since he cannot have one always near him who gladly would be so, he will oblige another who is willing and able. And in reality, if at this time your coming up depends only on his wish (as you tell me) and the commands he may have for you, I shall much wonder if he forgets the advantage, or thinks he can dispense with your presence at such a time.

Your character of lord Wharton is very generous. I am glad to hear so well of him. If ever I expected any public good where virtue was wholly sunk, it was in his character; the most mysterious of any in my account for this reason. But I have seen many proofs of this monstrous compound in him of the very worst and best. A thousand kind thanks to you, in my own and spouse's name, for your kind thoughts of seeing us. I add only my repeated service and good wishes, as your old and faithful friend and obliged humble servant.

LETTER LV.

FROM THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *Reygate, March* 29, 1711.

THE honour you have done me in many kind inquiries after my health, and the favour you have shewn me lately, in forwarding the only means I

have left for my recovery, by trying the air of a warmer climate, obliges me, ere I leave England, to return your lordship my most humble thanks and acknowledgments in this manner, since I am unable to do it in a better. I might, perhaps, my lord, do injustice to myself, having had no opportunity of late years to pay my particular respects to you, if I should attempt any otherwise to compliment your lordship on the late honours you have received, than by appealing to the early acquaintance and strict correspondence I had once the honour to maintain with you and your family, for which I had been bred, almost from my infancy, to have the highest regard. Your lordship well knows my principles and behaviour from the first hour I engaged in any public concern, and with what zeal I spent some years of my life in supporting your interest, which I thought of greater moment to the public than my own or family's could ever be. What the natural effects are of private friendship so founded, and what the consequence of different opinions intervening, your lordship, who is so good a judge of men and things, can better resolve with yourself than I can possibly suggest. And being so knowing in friends (of whom your lordship has acquired so many), you can recollect how those ties or obligations have been hitherto preserved towards you, and whose friendships, affections, and principles you may for the future best depend upon in all circumstances and variations, public and private. For my own part, I shall say only, that I very sincerely wish you all happiness, and can with no man living congratulate more heartily on what I

account real honour and prosperity. Your conduct of the public will be the just earnest and insurance of your greatness and power; and I shall then chiefly congratulate with your lordship on your merited honours and advancement, when, by the happy effects, it appears evidently in the service of what cause, and for the advantage of what interest they were acquired and enjoyed. Had I been to wish by what hands the public should have been served, the honour of the first part (your lordship well knows) had fallen to you long since. If others, from whom I least hoped, have done greatly and as became them, I hope, if possible, you will still exceed all they have performed, and accomplish the great work so gloriously begun and carried on for the rescue of liberty and the deliverance of Europe and mankind. And in this presumption I cannot but remain with the same zeal and sincerity as ever, my lord, &c.

LETTER LVI.

FROM THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO LORD GODOLPHIN.

MY LORD, *Reygate, May 27, 1711.*

BEING about to attempt a journey to Italy, to try what a warmer climate (if am able to reach it) may do towards the restoring me a little breath and life, it is impossible for me to stir hence till I have acquitted myself of my respects the best I can to your lordship, to whom alone, had I but

strength enough to make my compliments, and pay a day's attendance in town, I should think myself sufficiently happy in my weak state of health. I am indeed, my lord, little able to render services of any kind; nor do I pretend to offer myself in such a capacity to any one except your lordship only. But could I flatter myself that ere I parted hence, or while I passed through France or staid in Italy, I could anywhere, in the least trifle, or in the highest concern, render any manner of service to your lordship, I should be proud of such a commission. Sure I am, in what relates to your honour and name (if that can receive ever any advantage from such an hand as mine), your public as well as private merit will not pass unremembered into whatever region or climate I am transferred. No one has a more thorough knowledge in that kind than myself, nor no one there is, who on this account has a juster right to profess himself, as I shall ever do, with highest obligation and most constant zeal, my lord, your lordship's most faithful and most obedient humble servant.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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